VOL. CCXIV, No. 2797

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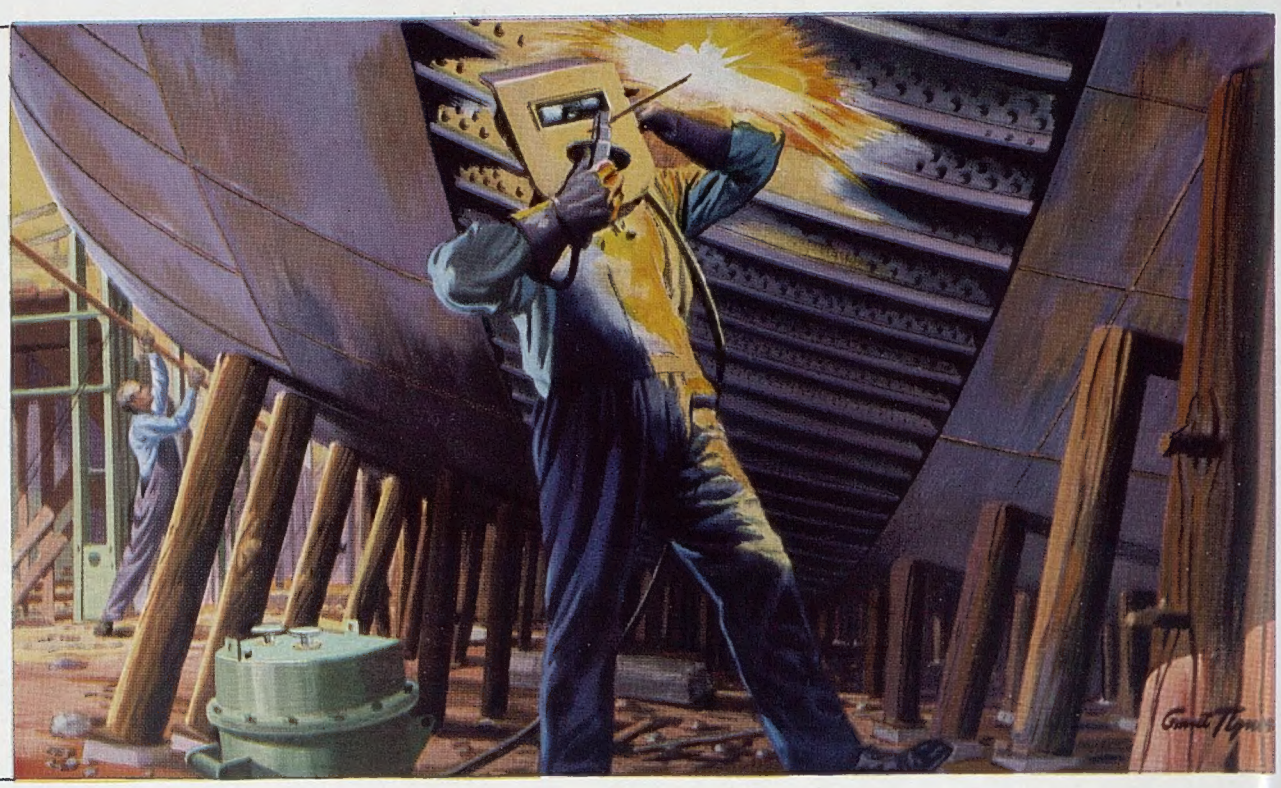

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Volume CCXIV No. 2797 The SPHERE, London, September 19, 1953

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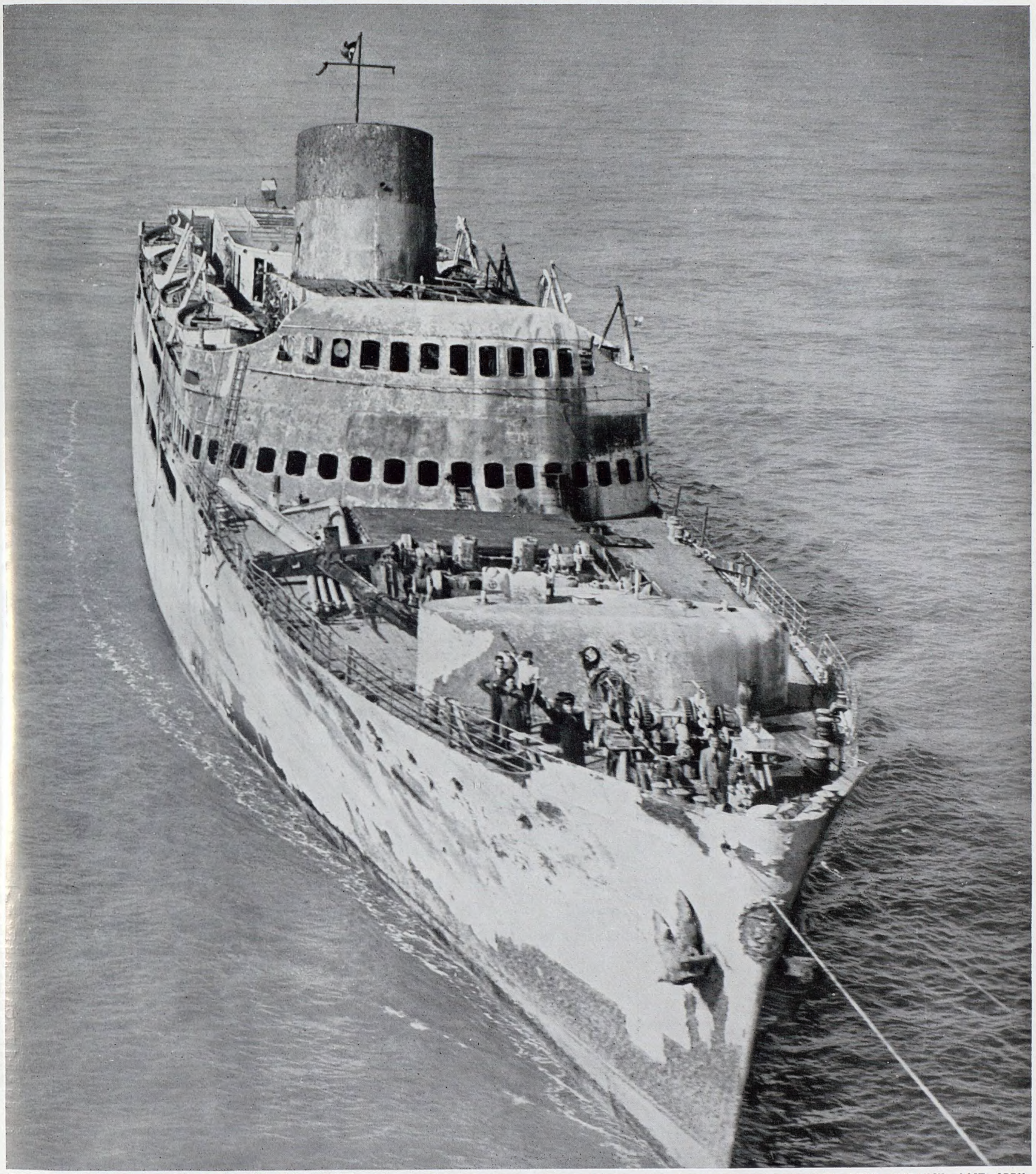

THE "KRONPRINS FREDERIK" HOMEWARD BOUND—THE 3,895-TON MAILBOAT, WHICH CAUGHT FIRE AND SANK AT PARKESTON QUAY, HARWICH, LAST APRIL, SEEN AFTER SHE HAD BEEN RIGHTED AND WAS BEING TAKEN UNDER TOW TO ELSINORE, NORTH ZEELAND, WHERE SHE WILL BE REFITTED : The owners hope the vessel will be back on the Harwich-Esbjerg route next May. They have presented a silver bowl to Mr. T. Maughan, who has carried through the salvage operations.

When the Danish mailboat, which capsized at Parkeston Quay last April in the midst of the disastrous fire which engulfed her, set out for Elsinore under tow last week-end, the first and major half of a large-scale salvage operation was brought to successful completion. When she reaches the shipbuilding yards at Elsinore, in the shadow of Hamlet's celebrated castle, the Kronberg, the mailboat will be refitted from stem to stern and made ready for service with her sister-ship. The absence of the *Kronprins Frederik* from the regular North Sea shuttle service has been a most serious matter during the summer holiday season, and the owners have had to bring the *Parkeston*, one of the older vessels, into operation. The task of salvaging the *Kronprins Frederik* has been undertaken by the Liverpool and Glasgow Salvage Association. Lifting lighters, moored at right-angles to the *Kronprins Frederik*, helped to refloat the vessel, hauling in the cradle of wire hawsers in which the ship was lying, the ship having been first pumped free of water.

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DOWN COME THE MALL'S ARCHES

THE LAST LINKS WITH LONDON'S CORONATION DECORATIONS: Workmen engaged in dismantling the Princess's coronet suspended from one of the 65-ft.-high steel arches in the Mall. The dismantling of the arches was expected to take about a week, during which the thoroughfare was occasionally closed to traffic. After the arches have been tested to see if the steel has corroded they may go to Kew Gardens to form the new Palm House.

MORRIS DANCERS TOUR KENT VILLAGES

A TRADITIONAL DANCE IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE AT IGHTHAM: This team of Morris Dancers was one of forty clubs, with a membership of about 600, which toured Kentish villages and towns after gathering at Tonbridge for a big display and "Morris Feast." Elsewhere in the country throughout the summer teams of Morris Dancers have given performances in village and town centres, making collections to defray the cost of their expenses.

A MASCOT CHEERS SCOTTISH CHILDREN

A SHETLAND PONY VISITS THE PRINCESS MARGARET HOSPITAL, EDINBURGH: Cruachan, mascot of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, makes friends with several bedridden children during his visit to the hospital. Each night during the Edinburgh Festival, Cruachan took part in the Grand Finale at the Castle. It will be remembered that when the Queen made her State visit to Scotland after her Coronation she patted Cruachan several times after inspecting the Argyll's at Holyroodhouse.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Cabinet Changes.—The first stage of the expected Government shuffle has been made and has given satisfaction. The Overlords are out. Lord Leathers, the last of them, Sir A. Salter and Brigadier Mackeson have all resigned. Lord Woolton, Chancellor of the Duchy, will supervise to its death the Ministry of Supply. The Cabinet is strengthened and enlarged to nineteen from seventeen by the inclusion of Miss Horsbrugh (Education), who becomes the first woman Tory Cabinet Minister, Sir T. Dugdale (Agriculture), and Major Lloyd George (Food). Brigadier Mackeson's department (Overseas Trade) becomes a Minister-of-State post and Mr. Heathcoat-Amory takes it over. The changes save a trifle, about £10,000 a year. Mr. Peake will exchange to a combined Pensions and Insurance Ministry, with Mr. Turton and Brigadier Smyth as joint Private Secretaries. The easing of Mr. Eden's responsibilities is likely to come soon after his return to health and duty, and perhaps before he goes to Lugano in mid-October. The general view seems to be that the changes are good, provided Lord Woolton kills the Materials Ministry quickly and cleanly, and strengthen the Cabinet. But the lightening of Mr. Eden's load is the big change needed and cannot be long postponed. Mr. Butler also and the Home Secretary need some practical sympathy. If their recent pressure is not relieved, the nursing home yawns for them, and even the Premier cannot hope to resume the role of Pooh-Bah.

T.U. Congress.—The T.U. Congress is always the subject of advance publicity and wild speculation, and like the Party conferences usually ends in a damp squib for those who expect splits, sensations and bitter controversy. This month's T.U. Congress was no exception in speculation. The T.U. chiefs were assessed in advance as cautious, reactionary and almost Tory. They would oppose all hasty experiments by the theorists, including new nationalisation projects or increases in the workers' responsibility for running nationalised industries. It would issue a warning to the Party Conference which will follow the T.U. Congress in three weeks that if it tries to sponsor any such theoretical experiments it will have no support from the Unions. Unfortunately, caution among the chiefs is one thing (and a good thing), control over their members is another. Discretion and discipline are not in one hand. All the same, it is comforting to know that the practical and knowledgeable leaders in industry are the enemies of theory and experiment, and prefer to wait for results from the industries that *are* nationalised before revolutionising others. And though their guerillas can pinprick the nation, the control of the Union chiefs is still a chief factor in deciding the policy of the workers and an admirable and effective check on the theorists and hotheads of the Labour Party. Without the support and control of the T.U.s, the Labour Party would drift rudderless on to the shoals and split in two.

The Gathering.—Despite a tearing gale, a strike of busmen, broken communications and scattered cold showers, 25,000 people from all over the world crowded the Braemar arena, though not to record-breaking. They came to see two Queens—a sight their grandfathers and fathers never saw at the Gathering, a big crowd of royalties appropriately dressed and the usual professionals, dancing, heaving and pedalling. A good time was had by all, chasing their hats and wrapping their plaids round them, and the "Hunting MacFishery" tartan was brilliantly to the fore, especially among the Americans. The Royalties seemed to enjoy it all. King George V sometimes confided to his diary that his pleasure was mixed. He preferred old days and old ways, when the Gathering really was a local meeting of the clansmen. But, as an old courtier recently reminded me, the first duty of the monarchy is to be popular, and the monarchy to-day accepts that principle cheerfully with smiles. Otherwise, I dare say they would worship in a private chapel in Balmoral and attend the Games only when the sun shone from a serene sky. As things are the Games are as much a duty as is the Opening of Parliament.

The "Scotsman" Goes Canadian.—The *Scotsman* has changed its ownership and direction. Sir Edmund Findlay, long chairman and principal proprietor, has sold out to Mr. Ray Thomson, a Toronto newspaper magnate, who intends to live in Edinburgh. I cannot believe there is in Canada any newspaper of the *gravitas* of the *Scotsman*, and naturally wonder whether a little American pep will gradually infiltrate into those solemn columns and whether Mr. Thomson will continue to feature all those legendary and historic peeps into Scotland's social life through the ages, for which the *Scotsman* is famed. We have other instances of Canadian control of the British Press mixing quite an abnormal pinch of pepper into the day's "news." I hope that Mr. Thomson's promise to maintain the paper and its group as independent organs of Scottish opinion will be implemented. But I must admit that nowadays it is not as easy as it was to gauge Scottish opinion and Scottish taste. Only the other day, I suggested that even the Highlands were going gay, to judge by the matter and manner of the dailies they chiefly patronise. But I have faith that Mr. Thomson, like the Norman knight in *Puck of Pooks Hill*, who came to conquer, will admit that the *Scotsman* has conquered him.

AN AMERICAN'S GIFT TO THE TOWER OF LONDON

A LINK WITH CHARLES I—THE BUFF COAT, TRADITIONALLY SAID TO HAVE BEEN WORN BY COLONEL FRANCIS HACKER AT THE EXECUTION OF THE STUART KING, RETURNS TO LONDON: The presentation of the coat to the Tower of London Armouries has been made by Mr. W. R. Hearst, Jnr., through *The Connoisseur*, on behalf of the Hearst Corporation of New York, in commemoration of the Coronation. The coat, which came from the former collection of the late William Randolph Hearst, was originally in the Lord Cathgart collection, the Cathgarts and Hackers having family ties. Colonel Francis Hacker was one of Cromwell's most vehement and able military supporters, who distinguished himself in the defence of Leicester against the Royalists. During the King's trial, Hacker was one of the officers charged with the custody of the King, often commanding the guard of halberdiers which escorted him to and from Westminster Hall. Although he was one of the three officers to whom the warrant for the King's execution was addressed, he did not sign the document. He did, however, have it in his possession from 1649 until it was taken from his pocket, on his arrest in 1660. It was then sent to the House of Lords. Hacker, who was present on the scaffold, supervised the King's execution and signed the executioner's order.

A Happy Occasion.—On a lovely afternoon last week I attended the celebrations of a coming-of-age under the shadow of one of the oldest and most famous castles in the Highlands. The tenants and employees passed through the lovely garden into a green arena beyond, where the sun shone down as only it can in September in Scotland, and perhaps my view of the proceedings was rose-coloured in part for the fact that I, too, hastily mistook my toasting wine-glass full of neat whisky for less heady sherry. Be that as it may, I was much moved by what I heard and saw. The oratory was

of a high order. I listened to a speech which the Premier at his happiest would have been proud to deliver. It came from a tenant farmer who counted back his tenancy of his farm not by generations, but by centuries of time. Six hundred years were but as yesterday to him as he recorded the mutual loyalty and co-operation between the generation of landlords and tenants throughout the troubled history of Scotland, and he brought home to me as he spoke, without a trace of hesitation and superbly audible, how trivial and irrelevant had been all the changes brought about by scientific inventions since his family in those remote ages first settled on their farmland. All may seem to have changed for better or worse, but the hearts of men have not changed, and so still to-day the hard-pressed landlord may find it and find consolation in the loyalty of his people, so long as he remembers and carries out his responsibilities long after the privileges which went with land-ownership have passed away. In the Highlands, where every man on such occasions reveals the dignity, the culture and good manners of great gentlemen, that "gentlemen's agreement" can still make human relations a comfort and a blessing.

Shakespeare Pictures.—I should like to call in at Stratford on my journey home from Scotland to look at the newly-opened Memorial Theatre gallery, now redecorated after two years' closure. It contains 150 pictures and busts of Shakespeare, and of actors and characters in his plays, and they range from the more or less contemporary and more or less authentic to the Victorian and synthetic effort of Ford Madox Brown. As far as a likeness of the gentle Shakespeare is concerned, we should most of us prefer Brown's "collated" effort, for we all reject with loathing the "stuckpig" on the monument in the church, the pig and the pigment; and the engraving by Droeshout prefixed to the First Folio is neither illuminating nor convincing nor attractive. There are many more, less or more contemporary, which have been labelled *Shakespeare* with no evidence worth the name, or later "collations" of the bust or the engraving by artists of merit or otherwise. Angelica Kauffman tried her hand at such an "ideal" in the eighteenth century. There are also many valuable illustrations by the masters of actors and scenes over the centuries. But the gallery does nothing to improve our knowledge of what Shakespeare looked like. That secret, and all the other vital secrets of his life and work, lie buried with his bones, and in all matters, save the day of his death, he remains anybody's guess. We refuse to believe that he looked like his bust.

Surrey Triumph Again.—Surrey deserved their second championship at cricket (after half-a-century of eclipse) for the reason that so many of their stars were so often called to higher glories and spent so much of their energy against the Australians. Bedser, Lock, Laker and May, who did so much for the Test triumph, were sometimes the bones and beak of Surrey in the Championship. But Loader's good work and Subba Row's filled the breach. Surrey won on an anti-climax, won by a draw. And if the weather of last summer had been kinder, Lancashire might well have challenged them closer. Sussex may well be proud of their place. Their fielding deserved it. They rose and fell and rose again, and our county is proud of them, and, I hope, will continue to support their revived form. The famous ground at Hove revived some of the joys of cricket tasted when summer was summer, Ranji Ranji and Old Stagers mere boys. In fact, despite or because of the Tests, cricket is still a great game, very much alive.

Summer at Last for the Highlands.—After a summer which made every Highlander a cynic, killed the grouse and ruined the crops, a late repentance by the weather clerk brought us ideal summer, such days as only Scotland gives in September, when a delicious breeze makes the sun's heat bearable on the stiffest climbs in rank heather, and to sit in a grouse butt is an invitation to doze and sun-bathe. True, the Coronation weather left more hares than grouse on the moors, but nothing matters in such weather. Last week the plight of the farmers looked hopeless. Laid crops drenched in rain could "one day" be gathered up by hand-scything and all was to do. A few days later the scene was transformed. Half of the harvest seemed to have been carried, the rest was high-stacked in golden stubbles. Such is the power of a drying breeze and a September sun in that lovely climate which has received the curses of its nearest and dearest for months on end. And thick and fast they came at last, and more and more and more—those golden days which I am thankful not to have missed. It is never too late to mend.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

113 YEARS OF SERVICE ON THE WESTERN OCEAN

THE STORY OF CUNARD

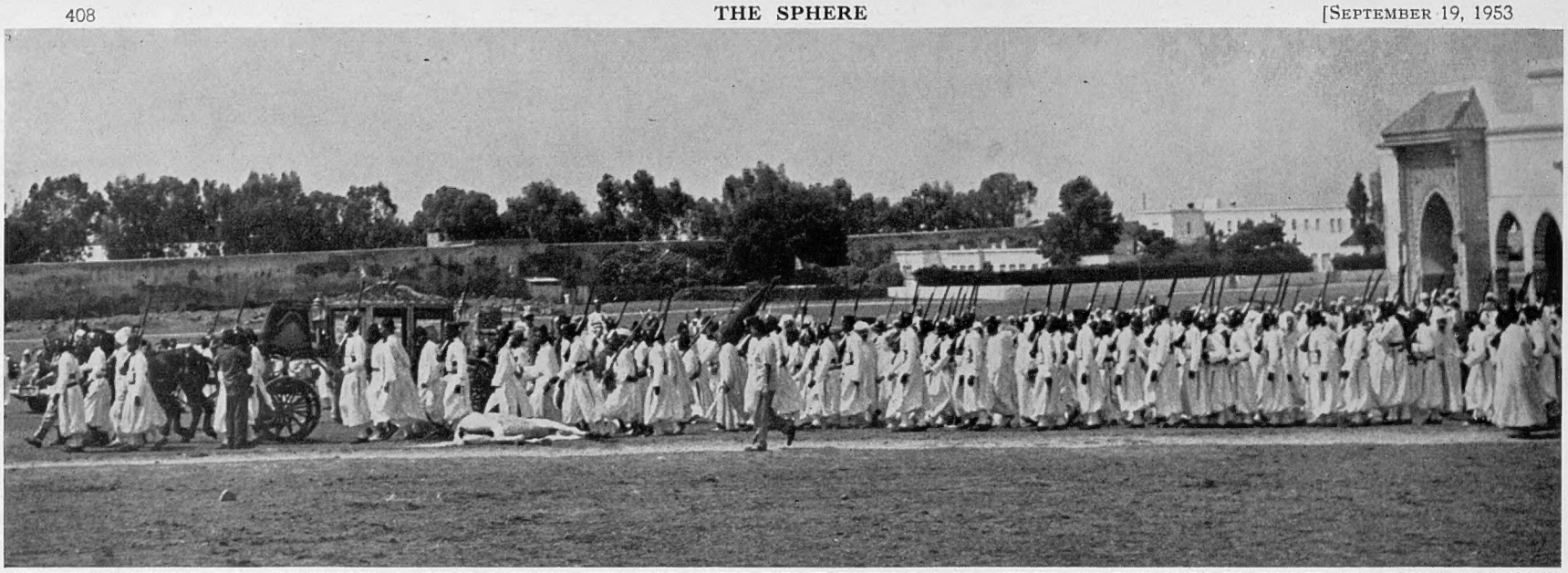
By JOHN MAY

THE MARRIAGE IN NEW ZEALAND OF THE CO-CONQUEROR OF EVEREST

SIR EDMUND HILLARY AND HIS BRIDE, THE FORMER MISS LOUISE ROSE, LEAVING THE DIOCESAN SCHOOL CHAPEL, AUCKLAND, AFTER THEIR WEDDING: They left the chapel under an arch of ice-axes held by members of the New Zealand Alpine Club. Behind the bridegroom are Mr. George Lowe, another member of the 1953 Everest Expedition, who was best man, and the bridesmaid, Miss Rosalie Goodyear. Greetings telegrams were sent to the bridal couple by the New Zealand Prime Minister, the Opposition leader, members of the British Everest team, and Sherpa Tensing, who accompanied Hillary to the summit of the mountain. Soon after the wedding Sir Edmund and Lady Hillary left for England, where the mountaineer arranged to take part in a lecture tour.

THE YOUNG DUKE OF KENT PREPARES FOR HIS ENTRY INTO THE ARMY

KITTING DAY AT THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY AT SANDHURST: The Duke of Kent, who will celebrate his eighteenth birthday next month, receives his kit from R.Q.M.S. Burton. In the background is Major H. A. Havilland. The Duke's visit to Sandhurst took place a few days prior to his joining the Academy for a thirteen-week pre-cadet training course. Next month he will sit for the Civil Service Commissioners' examination to qualify for the eighteen-month cadet course. His ambition is to be commissioned in the Royal Scots Greys, an armoured regiment.



THE SULTAN RETURNS FROM THE MOSQUE AT RABAT PAST THE VERY SPOT WHERE EARLIER IN THE DAY AN ATTEMPT HAD BEEN MADE ON HIS LIFE, THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN DRIVING A CAR AT 40 M.P.H. AT THE HORSE WHICH THE SULTAN WAS RIDING : The coach in which the Sultan rode on the return journey is seen just after it had passed the body of the Sultan's horse. The horse's leg was broken when the assassin's car drove into the cavalcade. The Sultan fell to the ground, but picked himself up and continued on to the mosque, where he presided over the prayers. The would-be assassin was struck down by a member of the Sultan's Black Guard.

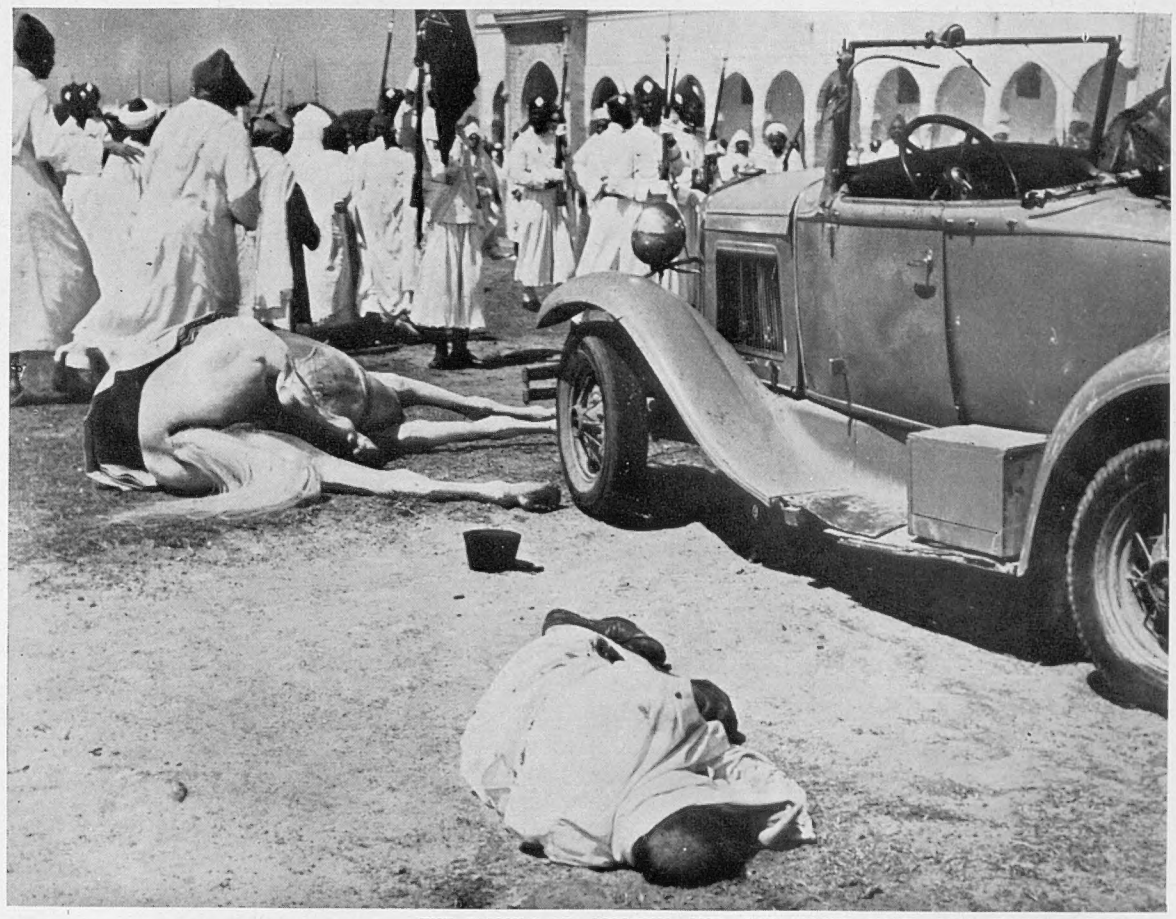
THE ATTEMPT TO KILL THE SULTAN

The Would-be Assassin is Shot Down After Driving His Car Directly at the Sixty-four-year-old Sultan in the Streets of Rabat

In recent days events in Morocco have moved apace. A Liberal-minded Sultan has been sent into exile by a combination of Moroccan feudal elements and French Civil Servants, and Moroccan Nationalists have been driven into hiding for fear of the vengeance to come. In the place of the deposed Sultan his sixty-four-year-old uncle, Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay el Arafa, was set up; and now the new Sovereign has narrowly escaped attempted assassination. The manner of the attempted assassination was spectacular to a degree, Allal ben Abdullah, a twenty-eight-year-old house-painter, driving his ancient car full tilt into a procession in which the Sultan was riding. He held in one hand a newly-bought and freshly-sharpened dagger, and but for the intervention of Sergeant-Major King, a French N.C.O., who trains the Black Guard, the Sultan would surely have been killed.

As things turned out, the assassin was thrown to the ground by Sergeant-Major King, the other guards killed the assassin, and so the Sultan passed on his way to the great mosque.

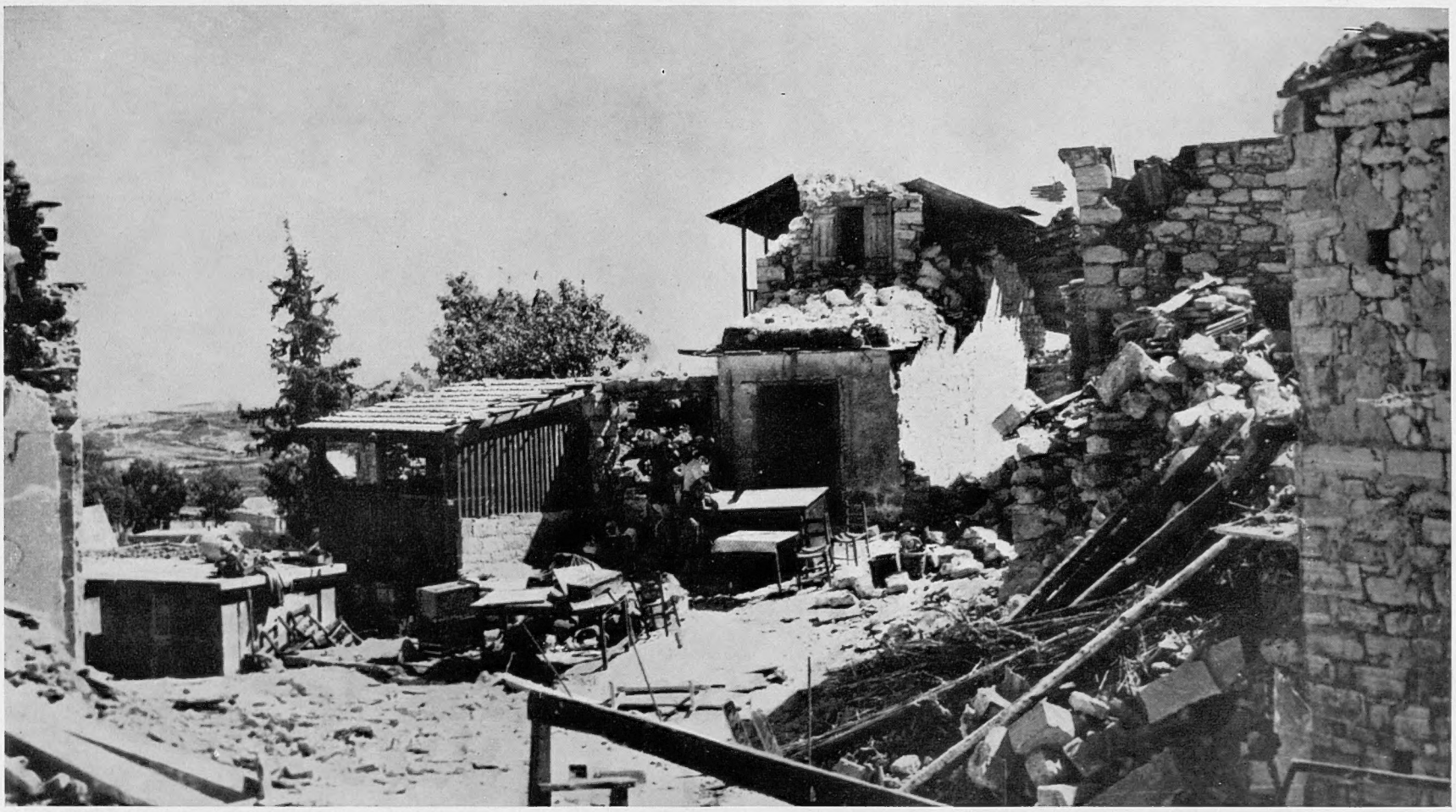
At first it was thought that the would-be assassin, whose wife belonged to a banished branch of the Moroccan Imperial family, was engaged in a personal vendetta. But police in Rabat are now saying the plot was formulated by the Istiqlal Party, the extreme Nationalists, a viewpoint that has to be studied with caution, for the Rabat police are inclined at this juncture to blame anything and everything on the Nationalists. The fact that the attempt on the Sultan's life was recorded by a cine-camera has proved helpful, and has shown how Sergeant-Major King's heroism turned the tables at a moment when everyone in the Sultan's entourage was caught unawares.



THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN AND THE HORSE THAT WAS SLAIN : Allal ben Abdullah, who attempted to kill the Sultan of Morocco by driving a Ford car at him, seen lying in the road after he had been shot down. Beyond lies the Sultan's horse, which had to be shot because its leg was broken.

THE CAR IN WHICH THE ASSASSIN TILTED AT THE SULTAN : On the right is the 1930 Ford used by Allal ben Abdullah, the twenty-eight-year-old house-painter, of Rabat. As the Sultan passed in procession, the car shot out of a side-street and made straight for him.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR—THE MEMBER OF THE SULTAN'S BLACK GUARD WHO SAVED HIS MASTER : Sergeant-Major King, of Calais, seen in the Marie Feuillet Hospital at Rabat after he had been stabbed in the left shoulder by the Sultan's would-be assassin. He threw the assassin to the ground, where other guards shot him dead. King has been awarded the Cherifian Medal of Military Merit, Morocco's highest military award.



RUINS IN THE VILLAGE OF STROUMBI, WHERE PRACTICALLY NO HOUSES ARE LEFT STANDING : The first of the earth tremors occurred at six o'clock in the morning on September 10, and while working parties were clearing the debris in Stroumbi last Sunday there were more tremors. At the time of the second visitation most of the inhabitants were sleeping out of doors.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN CYPRUS

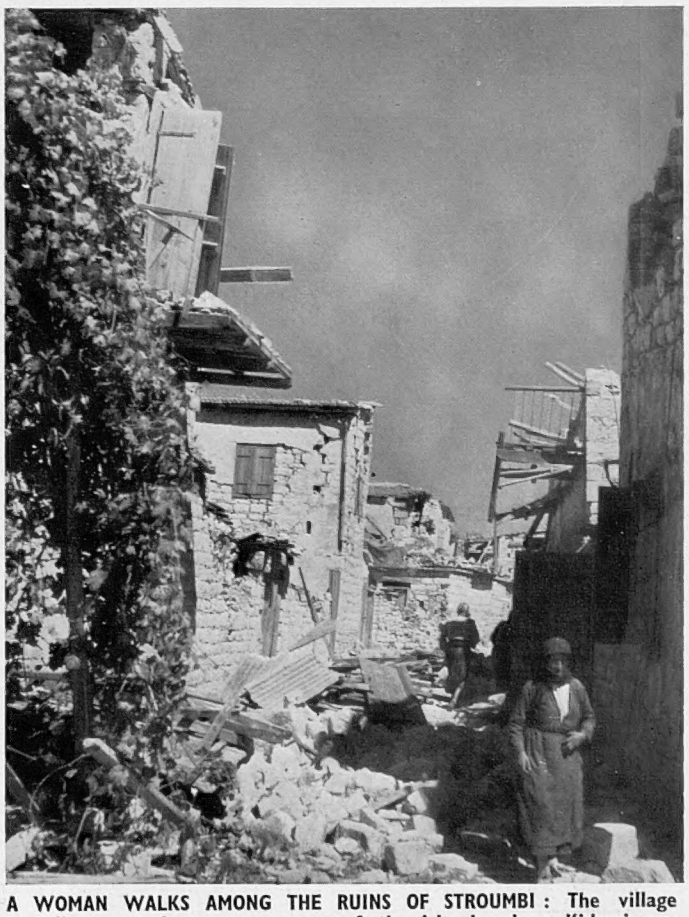
A Series of Tremors Shake the Island, and Villages in the Paphos District are Almost Completely Wrecked

The fact that the Paphos district of Western Cyprus is a wine-growing district meant that at 6 a.m. on the morning of September 10 most of the inhabitants of the villages were out in the vineyards picking grapes. As a result the loss of life in the recent earthquakes was confined to forty people, but in two villages alone it was reckoned that 1,500 people were rendered homeless and the total number of homeless in the island is estimated to be 30,000. The series of subsidiary shocks which occurred in the area last Sunday not only added to the miseries of the dispossessed people, but considerably hampered the work of the relief forces. Relief in Cyprus has been swift and sure, as it has had to be, for colder weather is already on its way. According to an estimate made by the municipal engineer in Nicosia, 80 per cent. of old buildings and 20 per cent. of new buildings in the Paphos area have been laid in ruins.

Coming to the aid of the Cypriots is the British destroyer *Daring*. It will be remembered that this warship played a notable part in the recent earthquake relief in the Ionian Islands. At the time of writing the *Daring* is *en route* to Cyprus from Egypt with sufficient shelter for 14,000 people, and many small comforts for the homeless. The R.A.F., in response to an urgent request from the Acting-Governor of the island, is also air-lifting tents to Cyprus.

TYPIFYING DAMAGE DONE TO MODERN HOUSES IN THE PAPHOS AREA : Wreckage in one of the stricken villages. As soon as news reached Nicosia of the disaster the Government took steps to send help in the shape of tents, blankets, olives, cheeses and bread for distribution. The Army and Royal Air Force units in Cyprus lent aid, and the British destroyer *Daring* sailed with supplies from Egypt.

TENTS AND SUPPLIES ARRIVE IN ONE OF THE STRICKEN VILLAGES : Troops and police immediately set about the task of distribution, and the inhabitants went outside the built-up area to set up their camps. This proved a wise precaution in view of the further tremors a few days later.



A WOMAN WALKS AMONG THE RUINS OF STROUMBI : The village lies near the western coast of the island, where Kidassi was similarly shaken. Most of the houses are made of mud bricks.

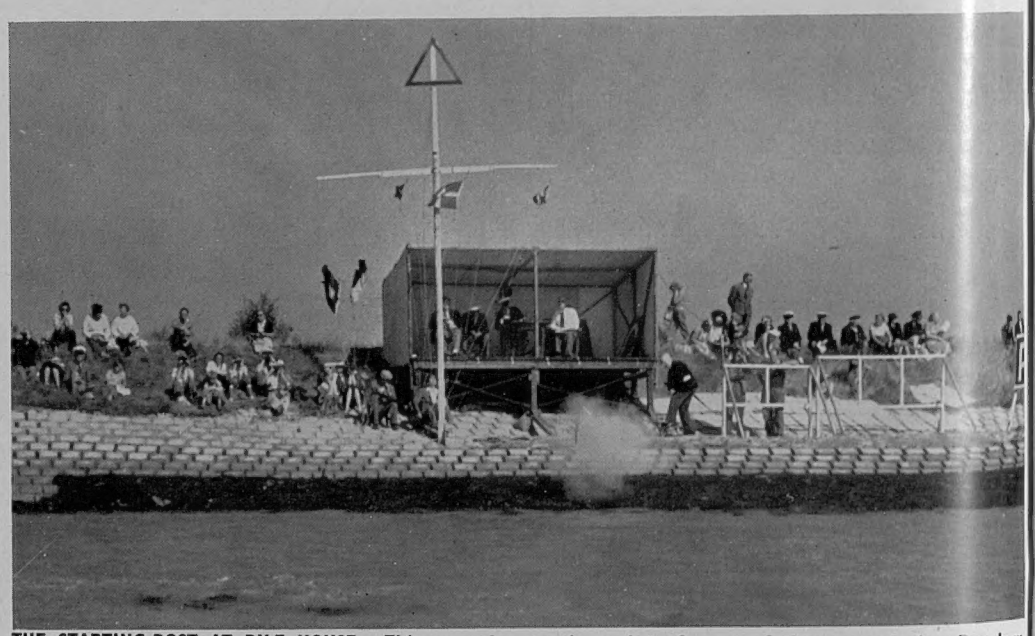
"CORYPHEE" CROSSES THE FINISHING-LINE IN THE ROYAL CORINTHIAN ONE-DESIGN CLASS AT BURNHAM: In this local racing class there were some hotly-contested, neck-and-neck finishes, and the same was true also of the Royal Burnham One Designs. In the background is the Royal Corinthian headquarters, dressed overall for the great week of racing. It was designed by Mr. Joseph Emberton.

BURNHAM—A WEEK OF GLORIOUS SAILING

Some Facets of the Racing in the Crouch Held in Perfect Yachting Weather

PICTURES AND COMMENTARY BY GABOR DENES

THE ONLY ENTRY FROM ABROAD IN THE INTERNATIONAL DRAGON CLASS: The Belgian Dragon *Zeewacht II* (Jacques Elleboult) finishing one of her races in excellent style, with spinnaker set.



THE STARTING-POST AT PILE HOUSE: This was the starting-point of most of the races during Burnham Week. Keen followers of yacht-racing tactics gathered at this point to watch the competitors jockeying for position before the starting gun—always a trying time for serious yachtsmen.

This has been the most glorious Burnham Week in living memory. The opening Saturday was a perfect summer day, with a nice, steady easterly breeze; there was a record number of starters, the Royal *Bluebottle* scored her first win on the Crouch, and the hundreds of racing craft finishing with one vast cloud of spinnakers set was a sight not easily forgotten.

The promise of this day was fulfilled, and the whole week—seven racing days—was a succession of fine sunny days, with breezes of different directions and varying strengths, providing interest for the competing helmsmen and crews, and yet with ever-changing conditions of wind and tide testing their skill to the utmost, without putting them to undue hardship or dangers.

The number of starters has grown out of all recognition since the early days of this regatta, which dates back to the closing years of the last century. As recently as 1949 the starters during the week were under the thousand mark; this year's total for the week was 1,491 starters, a substantial increase on last year's figure, 1,347.

Although there were again no 6 metres, and the 5.5 metres from the Solent did not put in an appearance, all the other races were exceptionally well supported. There was an increase in the various cruiser classes; a new class, the "Q" Class for ex-racing yachts of 20-32 ft. L.W.L., was introduced and well supported. There were more starters in some of the dinghy classes, to which were added new classes for Snipes, Fireflies and Fleetwinds for the first time this year.

Except for the first day, when the fleet was depleted by the Thames Estuary race, the large cruisers (Class A Handicap) raced every day, with three or four starters, of whom *Fireflame* (Dr. E. J. Baldwin) scored three firsts and two seconds; the beautiful *Golden Dragon* (G. A. Blake), a first and three thirds; *La Vie en Rose* (A. E. Bird), a first, a second and a third. On the final day this class was augmented by several "big guns," who arrived in time to race for the coveted Burnham "Town Cup," a challenge trophy presented by the generous townspeople of Burnham-on-Crouch. It was won by Mr. G. P. Pattinson's *Jocasta*, adding one more trophy to her many others won during a most successful ocean-racing season. In second place was *Stiarna*, belonging to Mr. C. Peto Bennett, O.B.E., Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, which is the senior club at Burnham, with Mr. A. G. Troughton's ex-8-metre *June* third.

ROUNDING THE SHORE ENDS BUOY: Royal Corinthian and Royal Burnham One-Designs engaged in fast sailing. On some days a smart north-westerly breeze gave the competitors a grand opportunity for this hard-and-fast sailing.

THE ESSEX ONE-DESIGN CLASS AT THE START OF A RACE: *Nocturne* (E 46) and *Mira* (E 25R) in one of their races. In the final programme of what was a record week *Nocturne* gave a good performance to beat *Caprice*.

ON THE ROACH: The Dragons are led by *Beowulf*, followed by *Octavia* and *Troll*. Sailing in the opposite direction is the Royal Corinthian One-Design *Coryphee*. In one of the races a fleet of no fewer than seventeen Dragons took part.

AN EXCITING START IN THE DRAGON CLASS: With so many boats taking part the jockeying for position was fascinating to watch, and helmsmen and crews had to keep their wits about them in order to assess with accuracy what was going on around them.

LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER CROUCH AT THE HEIGHT OF A STRONG EASTERLY BREEZE, WHEN HOSTS OF BOATS IN DIFFERENT CLASSES WERE FINISHING AT THE SAME TIME, MOSTLY WITH SPINNAKERS SET: Owing to the fast conditions prevailing on many days during Burnham Week, racing was over early, and spectators and competitors alike gave themselves up to the pleasures of a great social occasion and also to the inevitable friendly post-mortems which every well-contested yacht race engenders.

There was fine racing in the other cruiser classes, in Class B.I *Lora* (Mr. P. M. Herring, Commodore Royal Burnham Y.C.) being the most consistent performer, with four wins, two seconds and a third; in B.2 Class Handicap *Spindrift* (Mr J. H. Harbottell) had five wins and two seconds. In the new Q Class and the C Class the wise handicapper saw to it that the prizes were well distributed during the week.

Of the purely racing classes, the Dragons provided the finest thrills and excitement with a fleet of nearly eighteen starters every day. *Troll* (Mr. Pat Dyas, Vice-Commodore, Royal Corinthian Yacht Club) was the champion of the week—for the third year in succession—winning four firsts and one second after some tough battles with other leaders in the fleet, *Valhalla*, *Octavia*, *Aurora* and, last but not least, the visiting Royal yacht *Bluebottle*.

Bluebottle's success (two firsts and two fourths) is outstanding, especially if it is considered that Lieut.-Commander (E) R. L. Hewitt, R.N., her sailing master for this season, has only raced at Burnham once before—as a public schoolboy in 1939. He must be congratulated for a most illustrious sixth year in *Bluebottle's* racing life; she has raced 58 times this season, totalling 17 wins, 10 seconds and 7 thirds, an excellent record.

The two local racing classes, the Royal Corinthian and the Royal Burnham One-Designs, have also put up an excellent show, with hotly contested, neck-to-neck finishes, and many an exciting luffing match. Space will not allow to deal with the remainder of the classes, of which there were many, none of them lacking in the fine qualities of the sport.

The race officers and the sailing committees must be congratulated also for the magnificent work in organising the races. The three clubs under whose burgees the races are sailed, the Royal Corinthian Y.C., the Royal Burnham Y.C, and the Crouch Y C. are seriously considering extending the week to a fortnight, in order to lessen the congestion at some of the racing marks, and particularly at the finishing-line. The situation was somewhat eased by the laying of some new buoys, and setting of new and more varied courses for the different classes. Even so, the task of the race officers, timing-in finishes, was almost superhuman on some days. The worst congestion occurred on Friday, when 136 boats finished within one hour.

PREMONITION'S ST. LEGER

THE QUEEN SEES HER COLT AUREOLE BEATEN INTO THIRD PLACE IN THE LAST OF THE CLASSICS

THE QUEEN SMILES, BUT HER HOPES OF A CLASSIC WIN IN CORONATION YEAR ARE DASHED : *Left*—Her Majesty in the Royal Box at Doncaster after last Saturday's race, when Brigadier W. P. Wyatt's Premonition, second string to the Queen's Aureole in the Boyd-Rochfort stable, won the St. Leger by three lengths from the French challenger Northern Light II, with Aureole another three lengths away, third. In the picture *on the right* the three placed horses are seen battling it out in the straight, with Premonition already holding a commanding lead. The result was a deep disappointment for the crowd of 250,000, which after cheering the Queen's horse Landau to victory in the second race, were all prepared to cheer Aureole home in the St. Leger. Premonition was ridden to victory by E. Smith.

After the withdrawal of Pinza, the Derby winner, from the St. Leger, it seemed that the race was left clear for the Queen's Aureole, which had been such a good second both in the Derby and in the £25,000 race at Ascot. It was not to be, however, although the stage was all set for a Royal victory in the last of the Classics, with a crowd of 250,000 waiting to cheer the Queen to the echo. Her Majesty had journeyed specially from Balmoral to Doncaster for the occasion, and with her in the Royal box were Sir Winston and Lady Churchill, the Premier making his first appearance on a public occasion since his illness in mid-summer. The Queen's disappointment at Aureole's failure was concealed by a broad smile, and she was one of the first to congratulate Brigadier Wyatt on his success with the handsome, staying Premonition.

THE QUEEN IN THE PADDOCK : Her Majesty with W. H. Carr, the Royal jockey, and Captain Boyd-Rochfort, the trainer of Aureole, before the start of the race for the St. Leger.

PREMONITION IS LED IN TO THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE AFTER A MERITORIOUS VICTORY : This good colt, which started favourite for the Derby and ran nowhere and was disqualified in the Irish Derby, justified himself by sweeping past the French challenger Northern Light II just when it seemed that a French victory was likely.

BANKSIDE FROM ST. PAUL'S

The Chimney of the New Power Station, Once the Subject of Intense Controversy, Towers Above the Roofs of South London

It is now six years since the battle of Bankside raged in the columns of the London Press. It was a three-cornered tussle which kept going for many months before the protagonists finally put their pens aside and the builders set to work. Chief target in the controversy was the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, which had to resist on the one hand the attacks of the Dean of St. Paul's, who was fighting to preserve the architectural dominance of his Cathedral, and, on the other, the attacks of Lord Latham, who stated in no uncertain terms that the Ministry's scheme interfered with the L.C.C.'s plan for the development of the South Bank. The plan for the enlarged Bankside Power Station went through, however, and now the stately chimney, for such it is, rises above the river, and the voices of those who have said that it dwarfs Wren's dome have, for the most part, been hushed. This picture was taken from St. Paul's itself, and shows the 320-ft. chimney against the background of South London. It seems the St. Paul's question of dominance has now died a natural death, and it may well be that when the L.C.C. continue their fine development along the South Bank the architects charged with the comprehensive scheme will make the massive cathedral of electricity fit into the general pattern.

b

THE FRENCH LINER "LA LIBERTÉ" GLIMPSED FROM THE AIR AFTER SHE HAD GONE AGROUND IN A FOG NINE MINUTES AFTER LEAVING THE PORT OF LE HAVRE ON AN ATLANTIC VOYAGE: The fog hampered the efforts of tugs to tow the vessel off the sandbank on to which she had glided, and being unable to see each other or the liner they had to be directed by loud hailers. *La Liberté* was eventually refloated at 8.20 p.m. and sailed on to Southampton, where she picked up passengers waiting in tenders off the Isle of Wight. At the time of her grounding the liner had 1,075 passengers on board and a crew of about 1,000.

The Foreign News in Pictures

LA LIBERTÉ AGROUND IN A FOG

Field-Marshal Montgomery in Toronto; the Australian Reliability Race Over 6,500 Miles; Rotterdam Horse Show; Burma's President Honours the Sayadaws

On left—

The French liner *La Liberté*, one of the world's great merchant ships, had a fortunate escape when she drifted on to a sandbank outside Le Havre, the very presence of the fog ensuring that she was travelling very slowly at the time of the mishap. At high tides tugs managed to extricate *La Liberté* from her predicament, and she sailed on her way undamaged and no more than six hours late. This is perhaps the least of the adventures which have involved this great passenger liner.

La Liberté (built by the Germans as the *Europa*) caught fire in Hamburg Harbour while under construction in 1929. It was decided that she would have to be sunk in order to save the hull from becoming a mass of twisted steel. In 1930 the vessel was refloated, and then she had the misfortune to go aground on her first trials after completion. The *Europa* won the Blue Riband of the Atlantic, however, giving a new boost to German shipping. During the war the ship was bombed and again sunk, disappearing beneath the waters of Bremerhaven after an R.A.F. attack. She was handed over to the French in 1946 as reparations, and was renamed *La Liberté*. In the same year she broke loose from her moorings and sank in harbour at Cherbourg.

La Liberté, as she was then called, was raised again, renovated at a cost of £7,000,000 and ran aground at Southampton on her maiden post-war voyage.

The somewhat luckless vessel was successfully refloated and has carried the French flag across the Atlantic ever since.

FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY IN TORONTO TO OPEN THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION: The Field-Marshal shaking hands with Captain F. L. Statham, leader of the Welsh Guards Band, on the steps of the City Hall after the ceremony, at which he had received the Freedom of the city. Standing beside him is Mayor Lamport, of Toronto. *On right*—CORONATION DECORATIONS OF BRISTOL, ENGLAND, IN THE GROUNDS OF THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION AT TORONTO: The annual exhibition was opened by Field-Marshal Montgomery during the course of his visit to the city.

THE FIRST STAGES OF THE ROUND AUSTRALIA RELIABILITY TEST FOR CARS : *Above on left*—One of the smallest cars in the trial, a Morris Minor, about to be flagged off from the starting-point outside Sydney Cricket Ground. *Right*—Some of the competitors in Perry Park, Brisbane, at the end of the first leg of the trial, a 19½-hour drive from Sydney. This reliability test for cars is over a distance of 6,500 miles. About 180 cars of all types entered the contest this year. The route lay through New South Wales, Queensland, the Northern Territory, South Australia and Victoria, ending at Sydney, the starting-point. Many of the cars were fitted with long-range fuel tanks. Some had their own "de-ditching" gear.

SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING IN ROME : The discoverer of penicillin is greeted by Professor Wakeman (right) when they met recently at the International Congress of Microbiology in Rome. Professor Wakeman discovered streptomicin. Sir Alexander's home is in Chelsea. He received the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1945, and the Albert Gold Medal of the Royal Society of Arts in the year following.

RECEIVING THE ORDER OF ORANGE NASSAU : Colonel P. Cavaille, leader of the French team at the International Horse Show at Rotterdam, is greeted by Prince Bernhard. At the same time an equerry adjusts the ribbon of the Order.

THE BRITISH TEAM WHICH TOOK TOP PLACE AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT ROTTERDAM : Left to right—Major G. B. Gibbon, who broke his right collar-bone during the show but went on to win the prizes for the best competitor and best officer at the show, Major F. M. Beale, Lady R. M. Williams and Captain R. J. G. Dallas. The British team gave a truly superb performance.

On right—

CEREMONIAL IN BURMA : Doctor Agga Maha Thray Sithu U Ba U, President of Burma, a devout Buddhist, bows as he presents the insignia of Abhi-Dhaja-Maha-Rattha-Guru, the highest ecclesiastical honour in the land, to three sayadaws (high priests), at a religious investiture ceremony in the Throne Room of the Presidential Mansion in Rangoon. About 86 per cent. of the Burmese people are Buddhists and the special position of Buddhism as the faith professed by the great majority of the citizens of the Union is specially recognised in the Constitution. All persons are, however, entitled to freedom of conscience, and the Burmese State recognises Muhammadanism, Hinduism, Animism and Christianity as among the religions existing in the Union. At the census of 1931, 3 per cent. were Animists, 4 per cent. Muhammadans, 4 per cent. Hindus and about 2½ per cent. Christians.

THE SUMMITS OF THE JULIAN ALPS ARE LIKE A GIANT EDITION OF THE CUILLIN OF SKYE: This is typical of the dramatic terrain in this part of Yugoslavia. Although these peaks rise to only 8,000 to 9,000 ft., some of the rock climbs are as long and difficult as anything in the Central Alps. The pictures on these pages were taken this year by Tom Weir during a visit to Yugoslavia. He says the Julian Alps deserve to be much better known by mountaineers.

TRAVERSING A SENSATIONAL TERRACE ABOVE THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER: A cable handrail has been fixed by the Alpine Club of Slovenia on this north-face route on Prisonjnk. The rocky traverse leads to a sensational spot where a hole pierces the mountain and enables the climber to gain the summit ridge without undue difficulty.

MOUNTAINEERING in TITO'S REPUBLIC

Exploring the Rock Peaks of the Julian Alps, Which Deserve to be Better Known by British Mountaineers

The Julian Alps of Yugoslavia are like a gigantic Cuillin of Skye, writes Tom Weir, who took the pictures on these pages, except that the rock is a friable limestone and not the tough gabbro beloved of Scottish mountaineers.

The Slovenian people who live here are a friendly and proud race, with much goodwill for Britain. A good chain of mountain huts where simple meals can be obtained makes it possible to traverse the whole chain at low cost.

No mountain guides are available, but, as mountaineering is the national sport of Slovenia, these are scarcely necessary. Routes are well-marked, even sign-posted, and many rock-faces carry an array of fixed ropes, cables and iron stanchions rather out of proportion to the difficulty.

But the genuine mountaineer need not imagine that the peaks are spoiled on that account. The north walls of the Julians offer some of the hardest rock climbs in the world, and are comparable with anything in the Central Alps, whether measured for either length or difficulty. Yugoslav climbers must be amongst the best cragsmen in the world.

The great joy of these mountains, however, is the atmosphere of mystery which surrounds them—a mystery emphasised by the rolling mists of the Adriatic which drift perpetually round and over them, softening outlines and painting them with light or darkness.

The glens are an unending joy. Everything is telescoped there; forest and Alpine zone are crammed into a couple of thousand feet. From forest one steps into a world of alps gay with flowers, then suddenly there is nothing but bare limestone. Boundaries are dramatic in the thrust of the crags, and the mountaineer will never lack for sensation

A FANTASTIC WORLD OF LIMESTONE : Weird peaks carved by nature towering above the Hribarice Pass in the Julian Alps. In the foreground the naked cliffs reveal an almost lunar landscape heavily pock-marked.

ONE OF THE CHAIN OF MOUNTAIN HUTS IN THE JULIAN ALPS : These huts supply good meals which help to make mountaineering easy in Yugoslavia. A climber could make his £40 allowance last at least two months.

A YAWNING CHASM LEADS TO THE SUMMIT RIDGE : Through this hole in the rocks, referred to in the picture at the foot of the opposite page, the climber is able to get to the heights of the Prisonjnk, quite one of the most spectacular peaks in the Julian Alps.

A LAND OF MIGHTY GORGES AND SPECTACULAR WATERFALLS : *Left*—The fantastically steep character of these mountains can only really be realised from vantage-points such as this, with the limestone terraces dropping thousands of feet below, and far above the pale limestone tops reflecting the play of the clouds. *Right*—A waterfall in a cleft of the hills, in what is known as the Martuljek Glen. "The glens are of unending joy," writes Tom Weir.

OUR NOT-SO-DUMB FRIENDS

THE CAT, VENERATED BY THE EGYPTIANS, HAS 12,000,000 DEVOTEES IN BRITAIN

By Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald

WE are, as everyone knows, a nation of dog-lovers. Such, at least, is our reputation. This love of the dog as a household pet is, as Sir Compton Mackenzie has recently pointed out in a broadcast, a comparatively new development (if one can use in this connection a word usually taken to indicate progress) in our national character. We were, perhaps, until mid-Victorian times, a nation of cat-lovers and known as such—it is the cat that figures in our folklore and not the dog—and Sir Compton seemed to be a little depressed at the change. I do not think that he has any need to be. I do not think that there has, in fact, been any change. The truth of the matter is that the dog-owner is more vocal and that the dog world, and particularly the dog-selling world, is much more highly organised. Dogs, as you can see from a glance at the dog papers and from the advertisements in the national and local Press, and from the vast number of dog shows, are Big Business. Cats are not. But that certainly does not mean that the domestic cat has gone out of favour with the British public. Far from it. In the road in which I live there are two dogs—my own and one other—and twelve highly-prized cats. I think that the ratio is very much the same all over the country. If there are 3,000,000 dog-owners (and that is, I believe, about the figure), then there are at least 12,000,000 cat-owners. My own correspondence, resulting from a weekly article about cats and dogs, contains each week roughly four letters about cats for every one about dogs.

The cat, in fact, maintains the position it has held ever since man became civilised. It is strange, therefore, that we have no real knowledge of the origin of the domestic cat. Only one thing is quite certain: the domestic cat is not a tamed descendant of the European wild cat (*Felix sylvestris*).

There can, I think, be no doubt that we must look to the ancient Egyptians for the first domestication of the cat, and that at a very early date. There are many monumental drawings of cats in Egypt and their mummified bodies have been found in thousands. Some of these mummy cases are most curious, being either of wood hollowed out into the shape of a seated figure of a cat, or of plaited straw of different colours surmounted by a painted wooden head of a cat, and it is evident that a good deal of trouble was taken by quite ordinary people to honour their cats in death. In fact, cats were venerated in ancient Egypt—Thotmes IV built a temple at Beni-Hassan and dedicated it in their honour—and people took great care of them while they were alive and mourned them when they died. Herodotus tells us that Egyptian law required a man to shave his eyebrows as a sign of mourning when the household cat died, and that to kill a cat was a crime punishable by death. Furthermore, the exportation of cats from Egypt was expressly forbidden by law.

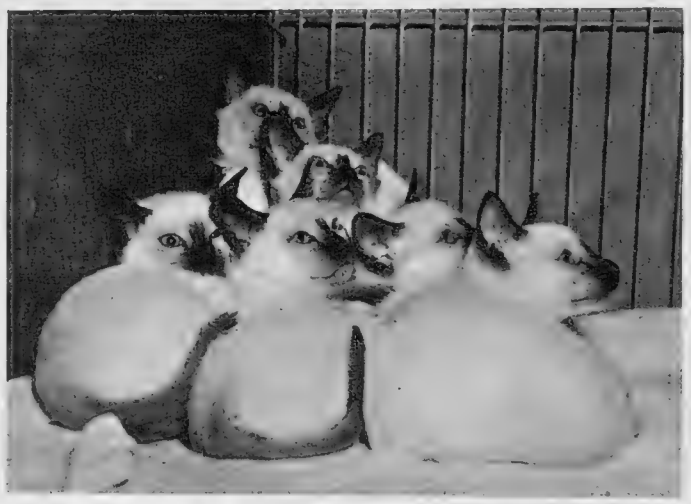
This last had nothing, I think, to do with the worship of cats. Egypt was the granary of the world and the cat was, therefore, an extremely valuable animal because of its skill as a destroyer of rodents. Perhaps it was because of this that the cat was venerated. But two other reasons have been advanced. According to Horapollo, the cat was worshipped in the temple at Heliopolis, which was sacred to the sun, because the size of the pupil of the cat's eye is governed by the height of the sun above the horizon. Plutarch, on the other hand, says that the image of a she-cat was placed at the top of the *sistrum* (a large rattle which was used by the Egyptians in the rites of Isis) as an emblem of the moon—partly because the cat moves at night, but mainly because the cat's eyes dilate and grow large at the full of the moon, waning and contracting with the moon's decline. In this connection it has been recorded of Chinese peasants that they use the eyes of the cat as a sort of rough-and-ready timepiece (as, indeed, we may do if we wish), since the pupils contract gradually towards noon, when they are no more than a very thin perpendicular hairline across the eye, and in the afternoon begin to dilate again. Pere Huc, the famous missionary, records that he did actually tell the time when in Pekin by this method and found that he could achieve a fair accuracy.

But to return to the Egyptians: their cat-headed goddess, of which there are several figures in the British Museum, was called *Pasht*, that being also their name for the face of the moon. From *Pasht* we get "Puss." Our familiar name for the cat can boast great antiquity. (The other Egyptian name for the cat was *Maou*, an onomatopœic word.) We can be much more certain about the origin of the word "puss" than we can be about the origin of the animal that bears the name. Nowadays most of the authorities seem to be agreed that it was the Caffre Cat, at that time widespread in North Africa, or a cross between the Caffre Cat and some other North African species, that was domesticated by the ancient Egyptians. Certainly there is a marked similarity between the Caffre Cat and those cat-mummies that have been examined. Both are tabbies, but the markings are not so pronounced as in the modern domestic tabby.

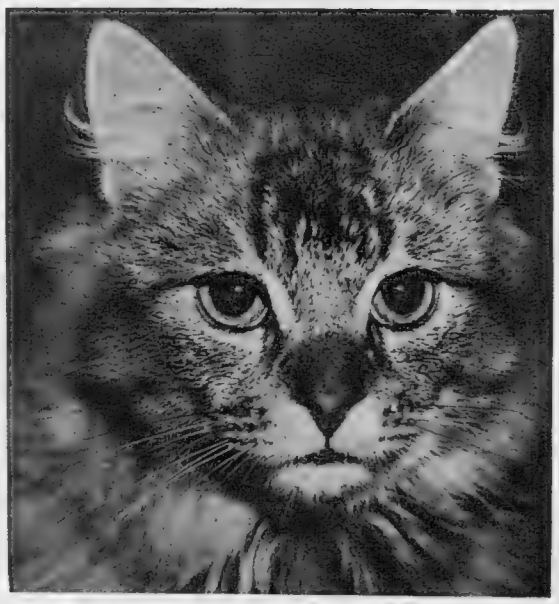
The cat does not seem to have been known to the Assyrians or to the Greeks. The domestic mouse-killer of the Greeks, the animal mentioned by Aristotle and many times by Aristophanes, was not a cat at all, but a weasel or a marten. The marten is called the "wild cat" by country people in Ireland and Wales to this day, and "mouse-killer" is still quite a common name for the weasel in rural England.

The Romans, however, did know the domestic cat as a mouse-killer from an early date. And they, too, venerated the cat. The Roman goddess of Liberty was represented with a cup in one hand, a broken sceptre in the other, and a cat at her feet. Later the cat became the symbol of liberty in Switzerland. And to-day the cat is sacred to Muhammadans and Hindus (the only animal to be honoured by both religions), and feeding the cat at dinner is part, I understand, of the orthodox Hindu rite.

It has been suggested that the domestic cat was introduced into Britain by Phœnician traders. Be that as it may, the Romans would certainly have brought the cat with them. But it would not have been the Caffre Cat that they got from Egypt, but a mixture of that species and the European wild cat. And that animal would have been a striped tabby.



SIAMESE KITTENS—BEAUTIFUL AND SPOILT: Perhaps the most popular of all cats, the Siamese, with its fawn-coloured fur and kink in its tail, is probably a descendant of the Golden Cat of Malaya.



THE MOST COMMON CAT IN BRITAIN: The tabby, with its striped or blotched fur, is the most common among Britain's cat population of 14,000,000. Originally the tabby was probably a mixture of the Caffre Cat from Egypt and the European wild cat.

Unfortunately all domestic tabby cats are not striped. There are two sorts of domestic tabbies—a striped variety and a blotched variety. The two patterns never blend, but remain distinct. And, in Britain, the blotched variety is much the more common.

But all domestic cats have not descended, as far as we know, from the North African cat domesticated by the Egyptians. The Siamese cat, it has been suggested, is the descendant of the Golden Cat of Malaya (*Felis temmincki*). The Persian cat some believe to be a descendant of *Felis manul*, Pallas's cat of the deserts of Central Asia. The Indian desert cat, *Felis ornata*, has been domesticated in the past and the very common spotted domestic cat of India is a descendant. Probably that blood has gone all over the world with Lascar seamen. However, all domestic cats, no matter what their origin, are now regarded as belonging to one species, *Felis catus*.

Now, of course, we have an amazing assortment of breeds and a quite astonishing variety of colour. The different colourings have come with domestication. Domestication, for some reason, does produce the most remarkable colourings. Consider the great blotches of red and white and black and white that decorate some of our cattle; consider the colours of some of our horse breeds; the immense variety now to be found in our dogs. These are colour patterns that have no counterpart in the wild. And so it is with cats. But with the domestic cat the normal marking is tabby, whether striped or blotched. Most domestic cats (with the exception of the pure-bred Siamese), no matter what their colour may be when they grow up, show tabby markings, even if faintly, when kittens. And you can often see the tabby markings in the coat of a jet-black cat in certain lights. Moreover, genuine tabbies sometimes appear unexpectedly in the litters of other pure-bred cats even after generations of selective breeding—to the horror of the breeder.

With all other domestic animals you do know when you start to cross pretty well what you are going to get. That is not so with the cat. We do know that the mating of black and red cats will produce tortoiseshell. The mating of a red female and a black male will result in tortoiseshell female and red male kittens. The opposite cross (between a black female and a red male) will produce male and female black kittens, tortoiseshell females and red males. At least, that is the general rule. It has given rise to the belief that all red cats (marmalade cats) are males and all tortoiseshell cats are females. Male tortoiseshell cats are very, very rare (and when they occur are usually sterile), but female marmalades are not as rare as all that. There must, indeed, be many in England, for I personally know of more than sixty. We know one or two other things, too. We know that tabby is a very powerful influence and that white is also very powerful. A white cat will hand on white to about half her children (that is, not half of each litter, but half her total number of kittens) and a tabby cat will do rather better than that. A Siamese mated to an ordinary cat will, normally, have black kittens, which will probably be Siamese in every other way—wedge-shaped faces, voice, and so on. But not always: my own cat is black-and-white. His mother was a pure white cat of singular ferocity. He is very large (he weighs nearly 20 lb.) but he is in every way a Siamese—a long, wedge-shaped face, slightly almond eyes, a suspicion of a kink in his tail, a very definitely Siamese voice—in every way except size and colour.

And when you come to consider that cats have a rooted objection to control of any sort and that it is the main aim and object of all cats to spend the night out, it is not surprising that ordinary domestic cats occur in such a vast variety of colours and patterns. Indeed, when you remember that the cat population of Britain is in the neighbourhood of 14,000,000, and when you remember all the possible combinations there are, not only between "alley" cats but also between "alley" cats and pure-breds, it is astonishing that there is not an even greater variety. As it is, the pure-breds are maintained only with difficulty, only by rigorous separation and imprisonment in the breeders' catteries. Even so, sooner or later, all the pure-breds help to stir the mixture that is the ordinary domestic puss.

Cats are astonishing animals. Alone of the domestic breeds of mammals they have managed to live with Man and keep their independence. It is true that Man has managed to manufacture one or two breeds of domestic cat—the Smokes, for example—but he has never managed to alter the cat. Consider what he has done to the dog. He has bred every conceivable shape and size, beauty and monstrosity, perfection and freak. But all domestic cats, despite their long association with Man and despite their great variety of colour and pattern, remain recognisably cats. Man has not been able to alter their shape or their size.

The cat's markedly independent nature, though it has saved him from the fate of many dogs, has also led to much misunderstanding. Either you like cats or you do not like cats. There seems to be no half-way house. If you do not like cats, you may believe that they are naturally deceitful, spiteful, sly. You will probably believe that they only make good mousers when they are half-starved. You will certainly believe that they are not as intelligent as dogs.

Cats are only spiteful when they are made so by unkindness. Dogs become vicious when they are unkindly treated, too. And I do not find cats deceitful or sly: I frequently find them too clever for me, which is not the same thing at all. It is certainly not true that a half-starved cat makes the best mouser. Cats hunt mice for sport rather than for food. And a half-starved cat is not so energetic as one properly fed.

As to intelligence: I keep a dog and a cat. My dog is a Norwich terrier, and terriers are said to be great cat-harriers. They are the greatest of friends, and all the dogs (all terriers) and cats that I have had have been great friends. And cats have always been the masters. Living with the two I have not the slightest doubt which is the more intelligent. It is the cat. There is a great difference between "teachability" and intelligence, but the two are often confused. You can teach a dog almost anything, for to the dog Man is god, and he is very anxious to please god, especially when there is the possibility of a reward in the form of food for doing so. It is impossible to teach a cat anything that he does not want to learn. But that does not mean that the cat is unintelligent. The cat does not regard Man as god. That, in itself, is highly intelligent.

FIGHTING CANADA'S FOREST FIRES

The Battle Against the Flames in the Algonquin Region of Ontario

FIRES RAGE OVER A VAST AREA OF THE ALGONQUIN PARK, IN ONTARIO: This aerial view shows a typical section of the park in flames. Hundreds of fire-fighters have been pressed into service to combat these disastrous fires, but even their efforts will be of little avail without rain. At the time of writing, there has been no rain in the Algonquin Park for several weeks. A seaplane, which is based on one of the larger lakes, has been used for spotting each new fire as it breaks out, and the hilltop look-out posts have been hard at work reporting each change in the menacing situation.

WALKIE-TALKIE APPARATUS HAS PLAYED ITS PART IN THE FIRE-FIGHTING: These men use the radio equipment both when co-ordinating their activities when fighting a particular fire and when they are reporting progress to the nearest hilltop look-out post.

A PLANE BRINGS IN THE LATEST TIDINGS: The aircraft landing on one of the lakes of Algonquin Park in order to bring news to the fire-fighters. The park lies in the wild region two hundred miles to the north of Toronto.

A FIRE-FIGHTER SEES THE START OF A NEW BLAZE: The forest country of Algonquin has become tinder-dry during the last few weeks, and even the rays of the sun may set a new fire going to add to the problems confronting the fire-fighters.

COLLECTING SUPPLIES FOR THE ALGONQUIN FIRE-FIGHTERS: Food and bedding, shovels and other equipment being gathered for despatch to one of the fire-fighting teams working in the park. *On left*—**A BLAZING TRAIL THROUGH THE FOREST:** A close-up of one of the great fires as it swept all before it.

THE FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND SIGNING THE PROCLAMATION AFTER HE HAD TAKEN THE OATH OF OFFICE AT DOWNING HOUSE, SALISBURY : On the left is Sir Robert Tredgold, President of the Rhodesia and Nyasaland Court of Appeal, who conducted the swearing-in ceremony.

AT SALISBURY STATION LORD LLEWELLIN MEETS THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA : The new Governor-General of the Federation greeting Major-General Sir John Kennedy.

INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE RHODESIAN AFRICAN RIFLES : Lord Llewellin, the Governor-General, on arrival at Salisbury.

Political Growth IN THE RHODESIAS AND MALAYA

The First Governor-General of the Central African Federation, and the First Speaker of the Malayan Federation

In the last few weeks a new nation has begun to emerge in the heart of Africa and to take on physical shape. Lord Llewellin has assumed office as the first Governor-General of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and Sir Godfrey Huggins, for twenty years Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, has resigned that office to take on the larger responsibilities of Prime Minister, Finance Minister, External Affairs Minister and Defence Minister of the new Federation. Sir Malcolm Barrow, formerly leader of the Elected Members in Nyasaland, has taken the oath of Federal Minister of Internal Affairs, his first task being to organise for the General Election. At the moment the Federal Government is an interim Government, awaiting the results of the election.

THE INSTALLATION AT KUALA LUMPUR OF THE FIRST SPEAKER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF MALAYA : The Hon. Dato Seyia Wangsa Marmud Bin Mat, seated left centre, is seen in full-bottomed wig and gown as the Clerk of the Council read out the instrument of his appointment. Behind the Clerk sits the High Commissioner, Sir Gerald Templer. During the past year the Executive Council has been merged with the War Council in Malaya, this plan being based upon the belief that there should be only one policy-making Council at Federal level. The Federal War Council was set up in 1950 to co-ordinate measures to combat the terrorists.

SQUADRON-LEADER DUKE ZOOMS PAST IN HIS HAWKER HUNTER JET FIGHTER: Holiday-makers on the beach at Littlehampton watching one of the record-breaking runs in which the ace test pilot averaged 727·6 m.p.h. The average was 29.1 m.p.h. faster than the present confirmed world record, which was set up last November by Captain J. Slade Nash, of the United States Air Force, in a Sabre jet fighter.

NEVILLE DUKE'S

FANFARE FOR FARNBOROUGH

His World Record-Breaking Flight was a Magnificent Prelude to the Great Aero Show

It appeared at one time that the great Farnborough Show of Britain's aerial achievements was not being ushered in with the usual publicity, and that other items of world news were tending to oust the great display from the front pages. At the last moment, however, there came the tidings of Neville Duke's record-breaking flight in a Hawker Hunter. So here was another British success to add to the tally in post-war years, and very properly Neville Duke flew over to Farnborough on Tuesday of last week to make a supersonic appearance upon the scene. Britain's great test pilot had without doubt timed things to perfection, and when the news of his success was made known at the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Dinner at the Dorchester, a thousand guests stood up and cheered the announcement to the echo. Duke, commenting on his success the next day, was not prepared to indulge in any dramatics. "It was more or less what we expected," he said. "I had no trouble at all on the runs. The air temperature was about 70 degs. If we could get a temperature of about 105 degs., as they do in some other parts, we could do 745 m.p.h."

ELEVEN MINUTES OF GLORY AND THEN BACK TO EARTH TO AWAIT THE VERDICT OF THE OFFICIAL TIMEKEEPERS: *Left*—Squadron-Leader Neville Duke with his wife after he had landed at Tangmere following his record-breaking run. *Right*—The Hawker Hunter flying over Tangmere before landing. Squadron-Leader Duke actually made two sets of runs over the record measured course off Littlehampton, the first flight lasting twelve minutes in all and the second eleven minutes. Conditions on this day of sunshine were rather better than for Duke's previous attempt, when he failed to gain the record by a fraction. The higher atmospheric temperature on the day he broke the record contributed to the pilot's success. At one stage he was flying 50 ft. above the sea. Mrs. Duke watched from Tangmere control tower.

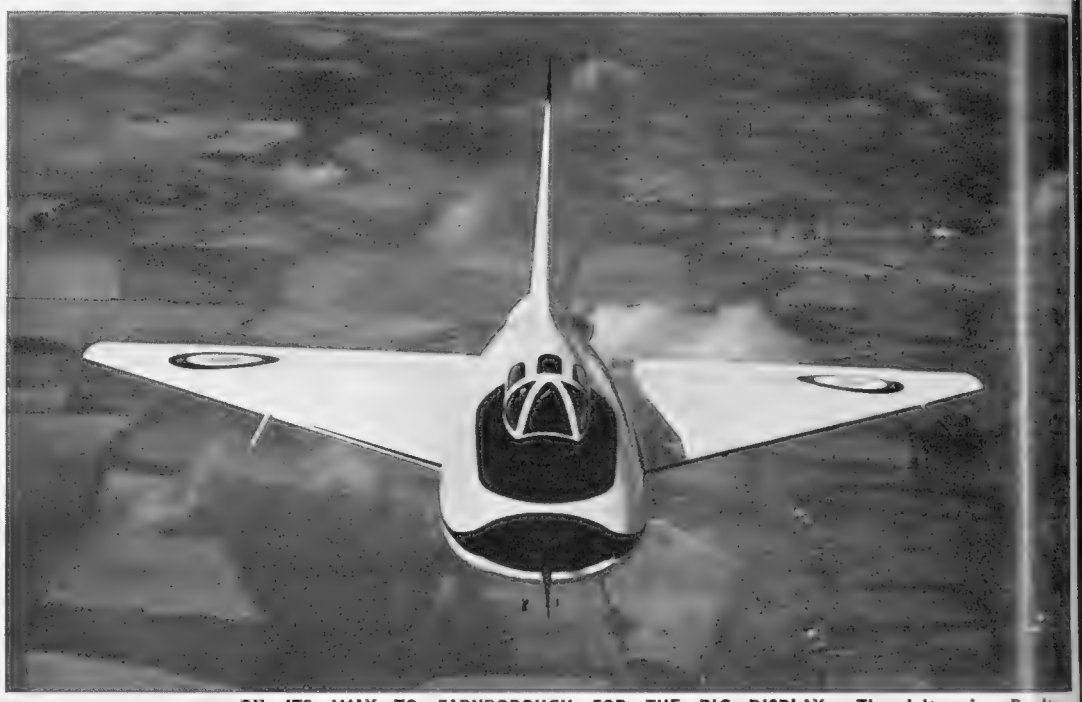
THE GREAT PARADE AT FARNBOROUGH: Visitors examining some of the new planes at the annual display and exhibition by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. It was from the airfield at Farnborough in 1908 that the first official aeroplane flight in Britain was made by Colonel F. S. Cody, the great Anglo-American pioneer.

SEEN THROUGH THE DOORS OF THE BLACKBURN BEVERLEY : This unusual view, taken on the ground at the Annual Display and Exhibition of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, shows the graceful Bristol Britannia, one of our finest new airliners. The Britannia, which can carry 100 passengers, will be used on the Atlantic run. It has already proved in trials a most economical aircraft to operate. The Beverley, from which this picture was taken, is a new freighter now in active production.

FARNBOROUGH PARADE

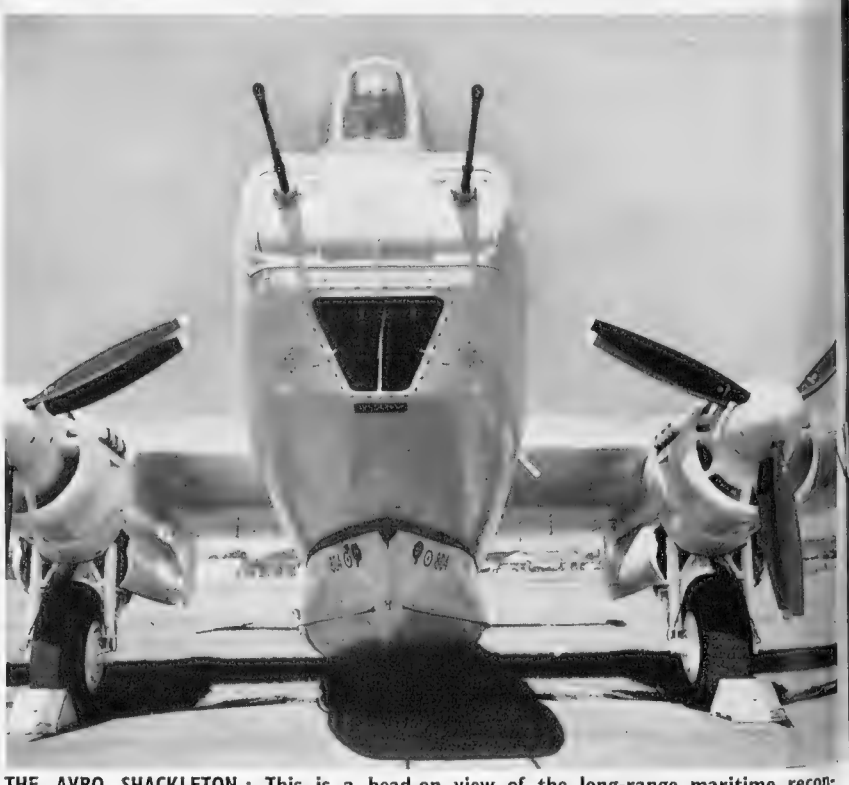
SOME OF THE VARIOUS AND REMARKABLE AIRCRAFT IN LAST WEEK'S GREAT DISPLAY BY THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS

MAKING ITS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AT FARNBOROUGH : This is the Vickers Supermarine Swift F4, the latest R.A.F. fighter. The Vickers Swift is the great rival of the Hawker Hunter.



ON ITS WAY TO FARNBOROUGH FOR THE BIG DISPLAY : The delta-wing Boulton Paul P111A, which is being used for aerodynamic research at and near sonic speed. The first flight of a P111 was made at Boscombe Down in 1950.

THE DELTA-WING GLOSTER JAVELIN : This is an all-weather fighter heavily loaded with detection equipment. The Javelin is powered by two Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire axial-flow turbo-jet engines. It flew for the first time during November 1951.



THE AVRO SHACKLETON : This is a head-on view of the long-range maritime reconnaissance aircraft, which has piston engines, permitting prolonged cruising at comparatively low altitudes, especially over oceans on anti-submarine work.

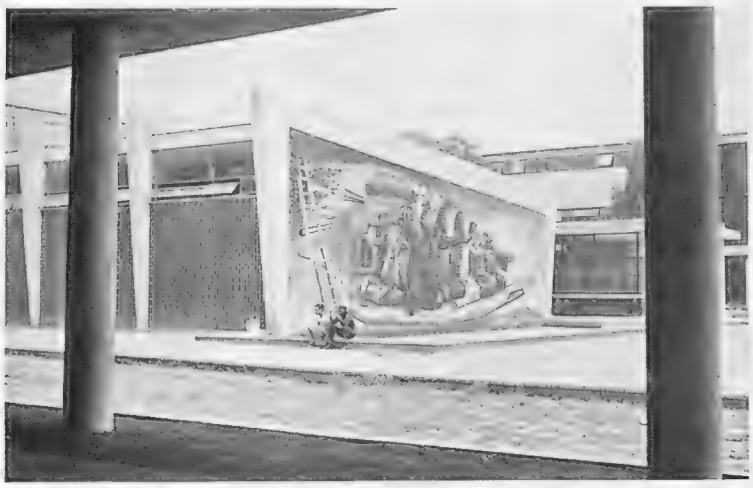
SWEEPING ALONG TO THE FARNBOROUGH SHOW : This is the Short SB5—the adjustable-wing research aircraft—which is now seen with its wings in the 60-deg. sweepback position.

BRITAIN'S DELTA-WING AIRCRAFT FLYING IN FORMATION : The Avro Vulcan bomber leads, and following it on its right hand are the 707B and the 707A, and on its left the 707C and another 707A. These planes reflect the extensive programme of delta-wing research carried out in recent years by A. V. Roe.

HE FIRST DAY AT FARNBOROUGH—THE GREAT CONCOURSE OF VISITORS INSPECTING THE STATIC DISPLAY : In the foreground on the left, surrounded by an admiring throng, are two of the delta-wing aircraft of A. V. Roe. The first British multi-engined helicopter, the Bristol 173, is seen (right centre), and in the background on the right is the handsomely proportioned Bristol Britannia. Visitors from ninety countries came last week to see this great display, which shows the new pattern of the R.A.F., the Fleet Air Arm and of civil aviation. Of more than fifty aircraft in the show no fewer than thirty-nine of them took part in the various daily flying displays.

THE LATEST WORD IN UNIVERSITY DESIGN

Mexico is Building a New University Whose Outstanding Architecture Combines the Traditional with the Modern



MURALS FOR THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS: On a science building of Mexico's new University City is a mural by Chávez Morado depicting the god of wisdom as well as various sources of Mexican culture.

A SPACIOUS AND MODERN LAY-OUT FOR MEXICO'S UNIVERSITY: The view from the tower of the University's administration building. In the background are the concrete domes on the engineering building, which admit diffused light through tiny glass holes.

THE AZTEC AND MODERN LIBRARY DOMINATES THE CAMPUS: The dazzling mosaic murals and the modern architecture of Juan O'Gorman's library building combine to set the pattern for the new University south of Mexico City. In the foreground stands a statue, 35 ft. high, of the former Mexican President, Miguel Alemán, who inaugurated the vast building project in 1948.

THE OLYMPIC STADIUM SHAPED LIKE A VOLCANO'S CRATER: The huge stadium built for the University will seat 110,000 people. Over the entrance is a "sculpture painting" of Mexican sports.

THE HOUSE OF GLASS FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS: This is one of the buildings for the medical school. Several of the University's administrative buildings are built in this style, reminiscent of the United Nations Secretariat building in New York.

Just south of Mexico City a building project on a scale unprecedented in Mexico is nearing completion. On a bed of grey volcanic lava, under which the ancient civilisation of Mexico once flourished, the new University of Mexico is being built in a style that blends all that is best in traditional Aztec, Spanish Colonial and post-revolutionary Mexican art and design.

The University of Mexico is the oldest in North America, and last year celebrated its 400th anniversary. But it has hitherto been a scattered collection of colleges in the European style, without having really adequate accommodation. In 1948 Mexico's President Alemán decided that a new home was to be built for the 28,000 students in the style of the American "campus," complete with stadium and football fields. Designs were submitted, and two years later the eminent Mexican architect Carlos Lazo was appointed to take charge of the building project.

Lazo got together 156 architects, and harnessed the country's best sculptors and painters. The result is a University city which solves the housing problems that beset all universities in an unusually attractive manner. The centre of the University is around the campus, the American equivalent of the European quadrangle. Round the four sides of the campus are sited the Administration Building, the Library, the Museum and the buildings for the main faculties. Outside this square are the laboratories for Chemistry, Nuclear Physics and Cosmic Rays, as well as accommodation for the Schools of Medicine, Dentistry and Veterinary Science. The outer ring of the University city contains a series of dormitory buildings for the students, as well as grounds and courts for almost every form of sport, culminating in a magnificent Olympic stadium.

The building of a new University city has given Mexico's school of imaginative artists and designers an opportunity which they have not been slow to seize. The architecture is unashamedly modern; the straight, economic lines of the glass buildings proclaim an uncompromising adoption of the health and efficiency style of recent architecture, though there are variations to meet special needs. Not all the architecture is entirely based on the latest fashions The Fronton courts for pelota and squash are built of thick walls of lava stone in a design which suggests truncated pyramids of the old Mexican-Indian civilisation.

The Aztec plays a prominent part in the design of murals for the University's buildings. The library is an outstanding example of Mexican painting and sculpture which is rooted in the nation's ancient culture.

Now that Mexico has such a complete University city, it is likely that the educational side of the University will expand. Hitherto the large majority of teachers have been professional men who have taught in their spare time at a nominal salary of £3 or £4 a month. If Mexico can afford more money for its University, the intellectual and educational side of the University will be able to keep up with its architecture, and the University of Mexico will be more than ever a dominating factor in Latin American culture.

North of the Border

HIGHLAND GAMES IN ARGYLLSHIRE

DRAUGHTS IN PERTHSHIRE

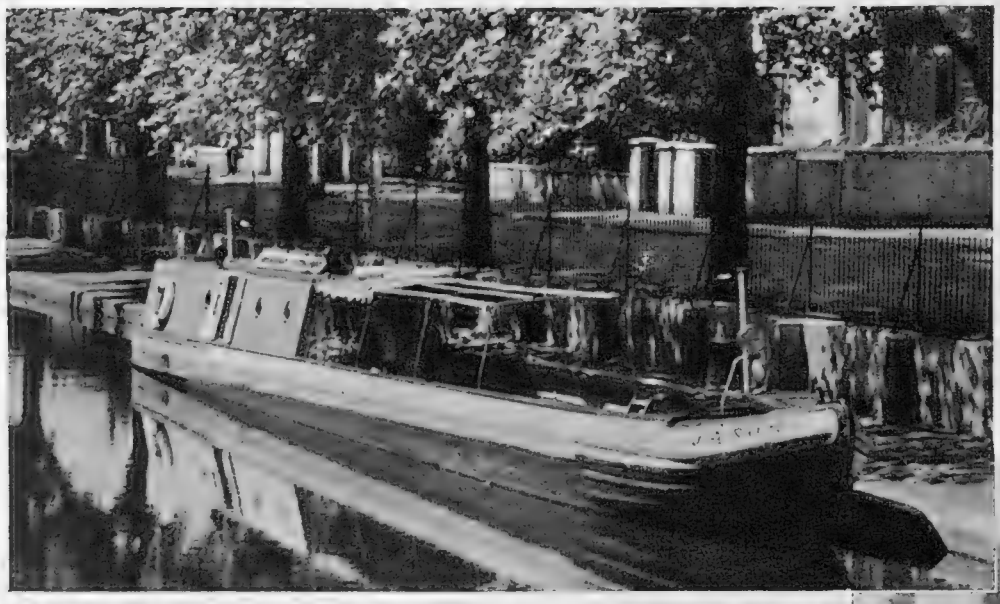
OFF TO THE GAMES—THE TRADITIONAL PARADE TO THE HIGHLAND GAMES OF THE ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING: Leading the parade through the streets of Oban to the games field are, from left to right, front row, the Duke of Argyll; Major Sir Charles H. F. Maclean; Lieut.-Colonel R. M. T. Campbell-Preston; Brigadier-General M. Stewart; the Captain of Dunstaffnage, and Iain A. Campbell, of Arduaine. They are followed by pipers and other clansmen, who assembled in Station Square, where the roll-call of pipers was taken by the senior steward. At the field the games included putting the stone, throwing the hammer, pole vaulting, sprinting and relay races. Earlier, at the Gathering, the Highland Society of London's gold medal was won by James MacColl, who was one of twenty-seven pipers competing for the trophy. One of the most prominent features of the Gathering was the annual Gaelic concert, which has been given for more than sixty years.

MAKING HIS TWENTY-FIFTH APPEARANCE AT THE ARGYLLSHIRE HIGHLAND GAMES: Kilted George Clark, of Grange, who was the successful contestant in putting the heavy stone. The record for the event on this ground is 39 ft. ½ in., set up in 1933.

AN ANCIENT FAMILY TRADITION IS OBSERVED AT A COMING-OF-AGE PARTY AT SEGGIEDEN, KINFAUNS, PERTHSHIRE: Watched by his family and friends, Malcolm Drummond-Hay drinks claret from the "Seggieden drinking-horn" before sounding it. According to tradition he "must quaff it at one go and not spill a drop." Although he is not twenty-one until October, Mr. Drummond-Hay's party was advanced five weeks, as he is taking an engineering course at Toronto University. He has lately served in the Coldstream Guards as a lieutenant. Two hundred guests attended the party.

A GAME OF DRAUGHTS FOR YOUNG AND OLD: *Above* and *on right*—Children, on holiday from school, are watched by the older generation as they play draughts—or chequers—in the centre of James's Square, Crieff, Perthshire. The permanent board has been built into the concrete in the square and the draughts themselves are made of stone, each one crowned with an iron loop. The pieces are moved by lifting them with a long pole with a hooked end which is inserted in the ring. Anyone can play, but there is one stringent rule—no play is allowed after 10 p.m. or at any time on Sunday. A notice to this effect is placed for all to see.

A PLEASURE TRIP ON THE REGENT CANAL



THE NARROW BOAT BECOMES A HOME AND A PLEASURE CRUISER: *Jason*, packed with sightseers making the trip up the Regent Canal, is seen entering "Little Venice" and passing "Browning's Island." *On left*—Mr. John James' narrow boat at its moorings on the canal near Maida Yale. The *Jason* is now used as a home and a studio.

COMING HOME PAST BROWNING'S HOUSE ON THE RETURN TRIP: The *Jason* carries trippers on the last stage of their journey from Camden Town to Maida Yale. The corner house at the end of the row in the background was once the home of Robert Browning.

THE "JASON" SLIDES UNDER A HOUSE: The Regent Canal passes through a tunnel, which is bridged by this two-storey house, the upper floor of which is on street-level.

THE END OF THE NARROW BOAT'S JOURNEY—CAMDEN TOWN: Passengers on the *Jason* arrive at the terminus, the Hampstead Road Lock at Camden Town. The trip has passed residential areas like "Little Venice" as well as parks and the Zoo. Now the sightseers get the opportunity of seeing something of London's industrial and commercial life. *On left—Jason* moves past the busy goods depot at Camden Town.

An unusual trip is offered to sightseers in London by the narrow boat *Jason*, which plies the Regent Canal. Passengers travel from Maida Vale to Camden Town and are thus given the opportunity of seeing a fascinating part of London from a different angle.

The *Jason's* journey begins near her moorings at Maida Vale, where she immediately enters that pleasant part of the canal known as "Little Venice." The houses overlooking this foreign-looking part of London have always been popular with artists and writers, and many celebrities, among them Robert Browning, have made their homes there. The trip up to Camden Town takes an hour and twenty minutes and during that time the *Jason* passes an unusual variety of sights. A gin distillery and a cricket-bat factory; the residential areas of St. John's Wood and the Regent's Park Zoo; fish docks and power stations; and, finally, the goods yards at Camden Town and the great lock there. The variety that this trip offers has captured the imagination of the public, who are not slow to take advantage of the opportunity during the summer months.

The *Jason* was once one of those traditional narrow boats in service between Coventry Power Station and the Measham coalfield on a canal which is known to boatmen as the Moira Cut. The boat is 72 ft. long with a beam of 7 ft., and was built in the Midlands in 1927. It was acquired in 1950 by its present owner, Mr. John James, when his father bought it for him. Mr. James had difficulty in finding a studio while he was studying to paint, and the intention was that the *Jason* would provide him with one. In order to find the money to convert the narrow boat, he hit upon the idea of running trips up the Regent Canal during the Festival year of 1951, and the excursions have proved most popular ever since. Now Mr. James has his home and his studio on board the boat, which he takes on long trips up canals during the winter.

Once a week *Jason* does a two-hour trip in the dark through the Grand Union Canal. It is a fascinating and exciting journey, made all the more interesting by Mr. James's commentaries on scenes which particularly attract him as an artist. Perhaps it was Mr. James' artistic imagination that gave him the idea of running the trips up the Regent Canal. Certainly his passengers must feel rewarded for undertaking such an unusual pleasure cruise.

THE POST OFFICE AND GENERAL STORES AT BOURTON-ON-THE-HILL : This picturesque Gloucester village has just been awarded the Bledisloe Cup, which was first presented in 1937 by Lord Bledisloe, a former Governor-General of New Zealand and a well-known West Countryman, for the best-kept village. The selection of the winning village is made by a team of seven judges working independently, and marks are awarded for scarcity of advertising, the conditions of hedges, walls, fences, etc., and the general tidiness of gardens and streets.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE'S BEST-KEPT VILLAGE

Bourton-on-the-Hill Wins the Bledisloe Cup for 1953

Below—

PICTURESQUE COTTAGES AT BOURTON-ON-THE-HILL : The well-kept walls of Cotswold stone in front of the little gardens were one of the factors in deciding that this village should win the Bledisloe Cup.

THE NEW STANDARD EIGHT ON THE PRODUCTION LINE: In this special "Sphere" drawing Cavendish Morton shows the car in production at the Standard Motor Company factory at Canley, Coventry. The car is now coming off the assembly line at the rate of 100 a day, and it is hoped that a peak production of 2,000 cars per week will be reached next year. The main concern has been to produce the ideal car for family motoring. It will soon be seen in large numbers on the roads of Britain.

BUILDING A PEOPLE'S CAR

The New Standard Car, which is Both Inexpensive to Buy and Cheap to Run, and which Typifies Some of the Latest Ideas in Economical Car-ownership

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE introduction of the new Standard Eight this week by Sir John Black, Chief of the Standard Motor Company, was one of the most important happenings in the world of motoring since the war. Here is a car which is both inexpensive to buy and cheap to run.

It costs only £339, plus £142 7s. 6d. purchase tax—a total of £481 7s. 6d. And Sir John claims that it does 48 miles to the gallon at a steady 40 m.p.h., or 40 m.p.g. at a steady 50. These figures go a long way to bear out the makers' claim that the introduction of the new Standard Eight is "a sincere effort to bring motoring into the homes of many to whom it would normally be denied."

There is nothing unconventional about the new Standard "baby"—except, perhaps, the arrangement of the luggage boot. It is a scaled-down version of the average British family saloon, with four doors, four seats, a 4-cylinder, water-cooled, overhead-valve engine placed at the front and driving the rear wheels, and independent suspension at the front with coil springs.

As our pictures show, it is a most attractive-looking car, with a quality of finish which belies its rôle as an economy car. It will soon be seen on the roads of Britain and in other countries in large numbers, for production has already reached a figure of 500 a week.

The dimensions of its 4-cylinder engine bear a striking resemblance to those of the Austin unit which now powers both the Austin Seven and the Morris Minor. In fact, the bore (58 mm.), stroke (76 mm.) and cubic capacity (803 c.c.) are identical. They give a horse-power rating, under the R.A.C. formula, of 8.3. Standards claim 26 b.h.p. at 4,500 r.p.m., while for the Austin unit 30 b.h.p. at 4,800 r.p.m. is claimed.

The new Eight has a top speed of just over 60 m.p.h. and the lively little engine, with the help of a four-speed gear-box, for which there is a central change lever, gives the car a flexible performance, with good acceleration.

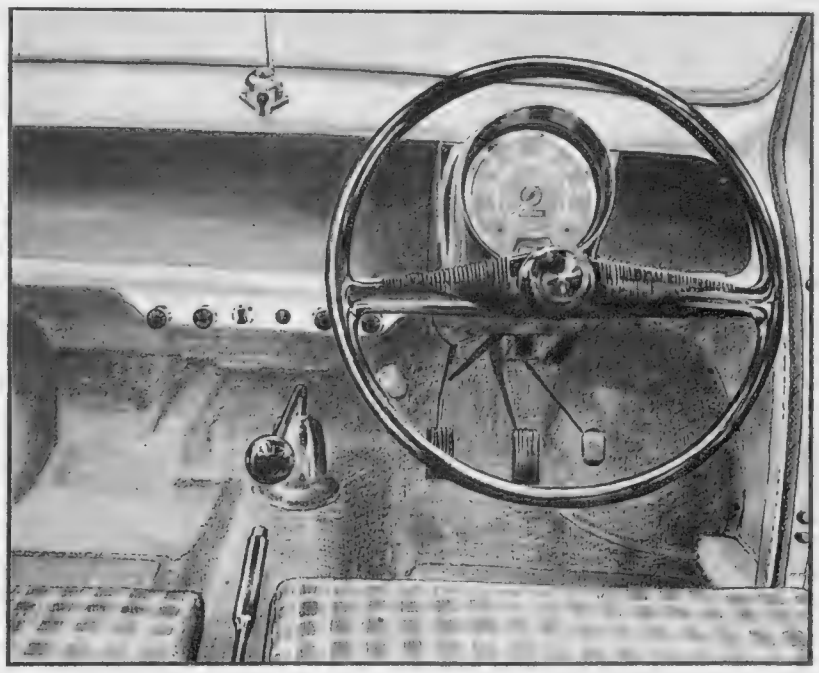
A feature of the new model, and one that has helped to cut production costs, is that the luggage boot at the back of the car is not provided with the usual "lid." Access to the luggage space is provided from inside the car.

The makers offer as "optional extras" a number of items normally fitted as standard, including second windscreen-wiper blade, tool roll, oil-bath air cleaner, a second sun visor and over-riders for the bumpers.

This is an interesting move which will be welcomed by many motorists who wish to limit their initial outlay as much as possible.

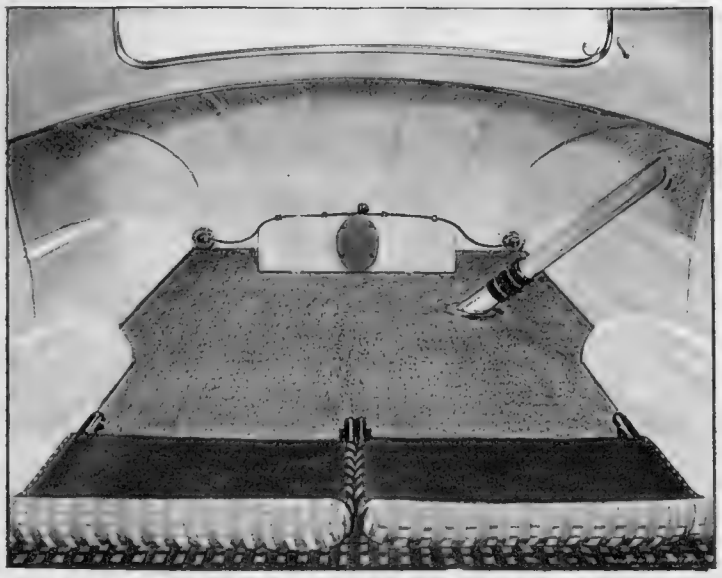
The doors of the Standard Eight are hinged at the front and the windows slide horizontally. This makes it possible to hollow out the inside of all four doors, to give more elbow room, as in the French Renault. There are separate front seats.

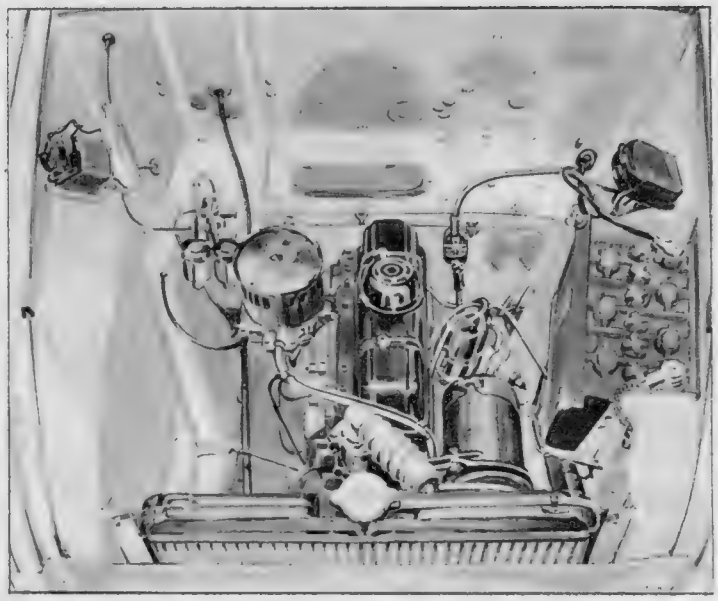
I can think of no better way in which Sir John Black could have celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Standard Motor Company than by producing this attractive little economy car.



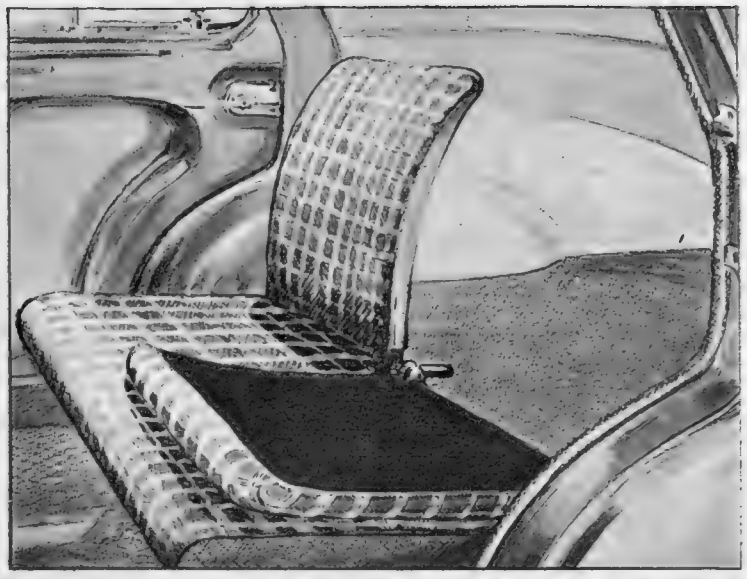
On right—

EVIDENCING THE SIMPLE BUT NEAT AND EFFICIENT GROUPING OF THE CONTROLS AND INSTRUMENTS IN THE STANDARD EIGHT: The instruments, including speedometer with mileage indicator, fuel gauge, ignition and oil-pressure warning lights, are all grouped in one 5-in. dial. This is neatly incorporated in the steering column and immediately visible to the driver. It is cowled to prevent reflection on the screen, and is indirectly illuminated at night. The other controls visible in this picture are accelerator, foot-brake and clutch-pedals, gear change and hand-brake levers. The knob controls are, left to right, starter, lamps, engine switch, screen-wiper and choke, while the switch seen on the facia is for the trafficators.





THIS UNDER-THE-BONNET VIEW SHOWS HOW ACCESSIBLE IS THE ENGINE : The battery on the right, together with the junction fuse box, are particularly easy to reach for inspection and topping-up. Next come the dynamo, distributor and engine oil-filter. In the foreground are the thermostat for the cooling system and the filler for the pressurised radiator, which enables a higher and more efficient temperature to be maintained without loss of water.



THE LUGGAGE ACCOMMODATION OF THE NEW STANDARD EIGHT IS UNIQUE : The very spacious locker is accessible from inside the car, both the rear seat squabs folding down. If only two people are travelling the whole of the rear seating can be folded forward (as shown in the drawing above *on left*) and the entire rear compartment is used for luggage unhampered by the rear seats.

A SAMPLE LOAD : All the luggage seen in this picture fits neatly into the rear compartment of the new Standard Eight. The completely water- and dust-proof luggage boot is indeed more than adequate for most normal purposes.

OWLING ALONG THE HIGHWAY IN THE NEW STANDARD EIGHT : The new family car has been produced to combat the increasing upward spiral of motoring costs; it is the sincere effort of one of Britain's largest manufacturers to bring motoring into the homes of many to whom it would normally be denied. The car has already been tested by a score of experts.

SEPTEMBER DAYS IN BRITAIN

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS IN THE LAST DAYS OF SUMMER

A NEW CONVALESCENT HOME FOR MEMBERS OF THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION : The Lord Mayor of London seen speaking at the opening ceremony at Redroofs, the late Ivor Novello's house at Littlewick Green, near Maidenhead, Berkshire. Ivor Novello left the house to Robert Andrews, from whom it has been acquired by the Actors' Benevolent Fund.

IN THE GARDEN OF REDROOFS : Relaxing in the grounds of the new convalescent home after the opening ceremony are Diana Wynyard, Sally Ann Howes and Cicely Courtneidge. The house has nine single and two double bedrooms, and it is intended that it should be used as a place of convalescence up to five weeks by theatrical folk, on the recommendation of a doctor. There will be no fixed charge, and in some cases there will be no charge at all. Residents will pay only what they can afford. Several rooms on the ground floor of the house have been left much as they were when Ivor Novello lived at Redroofs. In his speech Sir Rupert De la Bère paid tribute to Novello's memory, and went on to say that he hoped the home would prove of great benefit to countless people who deserved it.

AN ANCIENT DORSET MILL TO BE SOLD : The old mill house (right) and millpond at Swanage, Dorset, which will be included in a sale by auction on October 6 of the joint estates of Mr. Joseph and Mrs. M. C. Parsons, whose family have been connected with this South Coast town for many years. The mill and mill house are said to have been built about 300 years ago. They are constructed of Purbeck stone, and some of the stone roof tiles are still fastened with wooden stakes which were commonly used at the time when the buildings were erected. Older residents of Swanage can recall the time, about forty or fifty years ago, when milling was carried on there. Some of the machinery still remains.

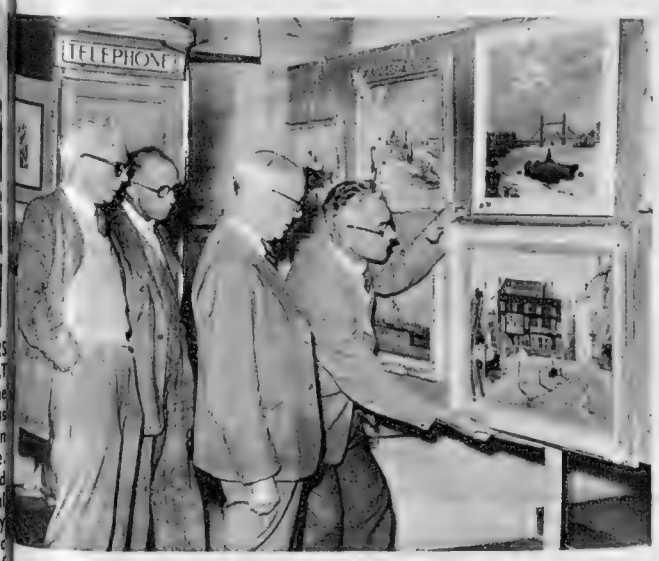
THE OPENING SERVICE OF THE 226TH ANNUAL THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL—ONE OF THE GREAT ANNUAL OCCASIONS OF THE WEST COUNTRY : This was the scene in the ancient Cathedral as the combined festival chorus, with orchestral accompaniment, provided by the London Symphony Orchestra, led the singing in the traditional service. It was attended by the civic dignitaries of the three cities and counties (Gloucester, Hereford and Worcester) and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the three dioceses ; the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Gloucester. The canticles were sung to the music of Herbert Brewer and the service closed with the singing of Walton's Coronation "Te Deum." The anthem was Handel's "Let the Bright Seraphim." The Sunday evening organ recital, which was introduced at last year's festival at Hereford, was given by Dr. George Thalben Ball, who included works by Bach, Howells and Charles Wood. Handel's "Israel in Egypt" was sung by the choir at the first concert, and this was followed later in the day by Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

E FIRST WOMAN MINISTER IN A CONSERVATIVE CABINET : Miss Florence Horsbrugh, the Minister of Education, arriving at 10, Downing Street for her first Cabinet meeting. Together with Sir Thomas Dugdale (Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries) and Major Lloyd-George (Minister of Food), Miss Horsbrugh was promoted to Cabinet rank in the recent Government reshuffle, and thus becomes the first woman to achieve that honour in a Conservative administration. Previous women Cabinet Ministers were Miss Margaret Bondfield and Miss Ellen Wilkinson, both Ministers of Education in Labour Governments.

MARCHING AWAY FROM THE "DEVONSHIRE"—THE ROYAL NAVY SAYS GOOD-BYE TO THE CELEBRATED CRUISER : Members of the ship's company march away, for the last time, from the Naval Training Cruiser at Devonport Dockyard. The *Devonshire*, after a long career, is to be scrapped and she is to be replaced as a training ship for officer cadets by the light fleet carrier *Triumph*. H.M.S. *Devonshire*, laid down at Devonport as a heavy cruiser in 1926, was launched in 1927 and completed in the spring of 1929. After seeing service in the Second World War she was converted into a troop-carrying ship bringing hundreds of men home to England for demobilisation. She was converted as a training ship in 1947, taking the place of the old *Frobisher*.

RECENT ACQUISITION BY THE NATIONAL TRUST : The Great Hall at Trerice, near Newquay, Cornwall, the sixteenth-century manor house recently purchased by the National Trust. The table in the Great Hall was actually built there, and is too big to be moved. Trerice was purchased from Mr. Somerset de Chair, whose family has been associated with the house for over 250 years.

AN ESSEX MANSION IS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC : The long gallery of Ingatestone Hall in Essex, part of which has been opened to the public. The long gallery was described in 1566 as a "fayr and stately gallery or walke mete for any man of honor to come into." It contains many portraits of the Petre family, who have owned Ingatestone since 1538.



CTURES OF THE LONDON RIVER SCENE AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE : Mr. C. H. Drummond is seen hanging his painting of "The London Apprentice, Isleworth," at the Annual Exhibition of Pictures of the Thames and its surroundings, which is being given by the Wapping Group of Artists. The Wapping Group call their exhibition "The Spirit of London River," and in it they show both familiar riverside scenes and little-known corners of Thames-side.

THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE AT DUNDROD : The scene at the starting-point of the 7½-mile Dundrod circuit, near Belfast, as competitors began the twentieth Ulster Tourist Trophy Race. An Aston-Martin, driven by P. Collins and P. Griffith, won the trophy by covering 786 miles at an average speed of 81·71 m.p.h. They were also winners in their class. Second was also an Aston-Martin (Reg Parnell and E. Thompson), and third a Frazer Nash (K. Wharton and C. Robb), which won Class E of the race. Stirling Moss and P. Walker, in a Jaguar, won Class C and came fourth in the Trophy race.

THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE

The Magic of the Cinema Works Upon All of Us, and Needless to Say Most Quickly and Potently Where Its Distributing Centres Are Massed

By JOHN GORE

LONG years ago an enterprising lady of my acquaintance introduced me to the cinematograph show—" took me to the flicks." We sat through an early film drama—I don't remember what it was all about—and came out at last into the fresh air feeling that we had had a new experience, carrying with us into the common light of day some of the strange light of the cinema that " never was on sea or land." My lady friend had a literary turn and later on she cashed-in on our new experience with an article on the cinema (and its implications), titled " The Land Where it Was Always Afternoon." She was quite a good prophet when she dealt with the new entertainment's implications and possibilities. She saw further than I did.

But both of us, even in those early days of crude and stuttering silent films, the days of " legends " cruder even than the " came-the-dawn " phase of legends, were at once made aware of the appeal, the magic, of the film ; both realised that what we saw (however crude, however silly, however unreal) stuck to us, and would always stick for a time, when we came up to earth again and that for an hour or so we should walk the streets and resume our workaday lives, still living and acting the part of some character in the drama we had seen.

Decades have gone by since that first experience ; the film has evolved into a major art, and the wonder of it is now its portrayal of every field of human endeavour and not its other-world magic. For one reason and another, I never became a devotee, never watched its development from its crude beginnings to a world-wide major art. I dare say I see three films in a year and enjoy two of them. But this is true. Whatever the film, whether I am interested in it or not, I never visit a cinema without finding that the curious magic of that first experience is still potent with me ; still I come out into the street " wearing " some of the character of the actor in the drama seen who most appealed to me. It may have been Robert Morley recklessly driving his racing car through crowded streets in defiance of safety, police cops and ruby light-signals. If so, as I take the wheel of my own sober car, I am hard put to it not to imitate his juggernaut driving.

It may have been some great lover with a melancholy smile and noble words of resignation ; if so, my own face wears a mask of melancholy and my own voice takes on his nobility of diction. Sometimes my prototype for an hour is the sheriff or the gunman, and then my own character assumes unusual traits of courage and resolution or reckless and debonair abandon. I am acting a part ; I know it, but I cannot help myself, even though I am in no doubt at all that the magic which holds me is all gas and gaiters, tripe and trumpery. Now, I am old and disillusioned, cool and cynical, and though I should not call myself an educated man, I am well above the average of education among the sum of film-goers.

If, then, a hard case like myself is caught and held in the magic for an hour after the show, how much stronger and longer must be the hold of the magic on younger, more impressionable, less-educated and experienced minds, on film fans who visit the magician's cave not twice in a year but twice in a week ? It is a thought to give one pause, a fact to induce one " furiously to think."

In my very limited experience of the legitimate stage, I deduced that there is really no limit upon restraint either in presentation of character or of manners, that the actor could even reveal his art more perfectly by playing down, that a subnormal temperature could be more effective than fever-heat. But with the film, its very advantages over the legitimate and its limitations in putting over personalities require that its settings and characters must always be larger than life and its grease-paints thicker and more highly coloured than even melodrama attains for its own ends. So it is that the unformed but ambitious and sketchily-educated mind envies and apes the proportions and the glamour of a colossal figure, be it a glamour girl, an arch-criminal, a " perfect lover " or Don Juan, a juggernaut, a Byron, a Circe or a Hercules—figures ridiculous to a minority of us, but very real and even attainable to the majority. (And even the minority is not proof against catching temporarily the infection of their magic.)

Small wonder, then, that the village girl sees no future in domestic service ; that the village boy must imitate the deeds and daring of Will Lawless and that every shop-girl must crudely smear her lips and eyelashes with the essential aids to glamour and cultivate the deep voice which has carried so many beach beauty queens and indifferent actresses to fame and fortune and a string of husbands. If for me the magic is potent only for two hours in a year, for them it must be a continuous radiance of make-believe renewed twice weekly throughout the years of their youth.

And now T.V. comes along to continue the process of enchantment to the end of their lives. Marriage and serious occupations with family responsibility must have formerly curtailed their visits to the magic grotto. T.V. brings the grotto into their homes. They need never exist outside the limelight. For years and years they have peeled potatoes to non-stop radio, from Beethoven and serious talks to crooning and variety (all taken for granted and lumped as noise or distraction perpetually demanded in modern life). Henceforth the living-room is a non-stop theatre of melodrama. Small wonder if the bishops groan and warn, futile as their jeremiads must always be ! All men who think at all, statesmen, churchmen and dons, accept it *nem. con.* that the influence of the film is the strongest influence for good or evil ever devised for the uplift or damnation of the human race. In the ideal state, that influence would have been foreseen and the new medium controlled and harnessed for education in culture and citizenship. But idealism is not an attribute of the modern state, and the services of science are for the most part the easy-virtued handmaidens of democracy and the slick ; and the men of big business grow fat on their immoral earnings.

THREE VERSIONS OF THE SAME FILM : That great novel *The Virginian* has been filmed three times, and has duly had its impact upon three generations of film-goers. *Top left*—Winifred Kingston, in the original role of Molly, the schoolteacher, with Dustin Farmin in the title-role. This was filmed in 1914. *Top right*—Mary Brian and Gary Cooper in the 1929 version. *Below*—Joel McCrea and Barbara Britton in the same roles in 1946.

A COURTROOM BUILT FOR T.V. : This set was built at Lime Grove Television Studios, West London, for their realistic series *Courts of Justice*. It is the largest composite set ever built for a T.V. programme in this country.

The totalitarian State, it is abundantly clear, was never in doubt as to this magic influence and has always employed the film and the radio for mass education, but alas, too often to perpetuate lies and to stimulate national hate and the personal ambition of dictators. Strange, then, that democratic Governments have not recognised the power of this magic or at least have made no serious effort to use it for the people's good.

Indeed, it seems to me that " the land where it is always afternoon " has enlarged its border, burst out of the cinema and now covets most of the world we live in. Our world is a land of make-believe and each man in his life plays many parts, and none of them remotely like reality. The magic is perhaps more potent with the young women. Even the foreign peasant girl arrives in England for rural domestic service, ignorant of all her duties but with varnished toe-nails and plucked eyebrows, an aspiring Greta Garbo, set upon getting into London to show herself off and improve her technique. Her English counterpart has long since scrapped reality and lives in a world of film drama, of chance encounter leading to fairy-tale romance. Not for her a pre-marriage apprenticeship in the arts of cookery and domestic economy.

The magic works quickest and most potently where its distributing centres are massed. Some degree of sanity and normality still exists in the remoter districts and in country areas less well served with transport and cinemas. Here the influence of parsons and youth leaders may still draw boys and youths away from some part of the cinema's effect on their actions and manner of thought.

Perhaps it is not too late to win back some ground from the invader. Here as in every other sphere, the aggressors, the enemies of our peace and sanity, are minorities exploiting an uneducated democracy, and so long as box-office remains the be-all and end-all of public services remotely recreational, such minorities will grow fat unchecked. There can be no help from Governments. Science, which has invented and perfected new magics adapted for public recreation, must find one more magic device to halt the robot it has wound up and set spinning.

Perhaps the atom bomb is the answer and the specific. If it explodes often enough, those of us who survive its bangs are likely to go back to nature and realities quickly and full circle. The land of make-believe will vanish in a night and the grey dawn of reality will have no use for varnished toe-nails, provide no time for plucking eyebrows or dreaming dreams of film-star romances. The lovelies all over the world will be back to their origins, rootling for acorns and carrying heavy loads on their backs, and the once-yearned-for world of luxury flats and pink champagne will be one with Nineveh and Tyre.

Meanwhile the magic of the film holds us in thrall, despite the vast drop which Hollywood records in film attendances all over the world, and human life is neither real nor earnest, neither secure nor comfortable. Small wonder if a bishop, here or there, deplores the policy of sponsored T.V. and cries out that civilisation has been butchered to make a showman Hollywood.

CLIMBERS DESCENDING TO THE LONELY SHORES OF LOCH AVON BELOW THE PEAK OF CAIRNGORM : There are no two opinions as to the beauty of this Scottish wonderland of nature, but opinions are divided as to whether this area of the Cairngorms should be a Nature Reserve or a National Park. The Department of Health for Scotland sees this as a Nature Reserve, but the Inverness Planning Committee are afraid of restrictions being placed on walkers and nature-lovers who wander over the hills. The Nature Conservancy has stated that restrictions will be few and temporary.

A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE—THE FOREST OF ROTHIEMURCUS : This is the largest remaining fragment of the old Caledonian Forest in Scotland, and behind it rises the granite front of the Cairngorms, where dotterel, snow bunting and ptarmigan nest and breed in great numbers.

THE FUTURE of the CAIRNGORMS

Should the Great Mountain Area be a National Nature Reserve, or a National Park?

To be or not to be—National Park or Nature Reserve—that is the problem. The Department of Health for Scotland proposals for a National Nature Conservancy plan for the Cairngorms have met with opposition from the Inverness-shire Planning Committee, who fear that the plan in its present form would debar climbers and other lovers of liberty to use it. They feel that the area should be a National Park first and a Nature Reserve afterwards. At the same time they wish to extend the proposed reservation areas to include the breeding grounds of dotterel and ptarmigan, provided freedom of access is not jeopardised.

The present proposals cover an area of 65,000 acres, and will include all mountain tops, with one exception, from a height of 840 ft. to 4,296 ft.

Speaking on the opposition for both National Park and the present Nature Reserve proposal, Captain Desmond N. Thompson, the well-known Speyside ornithologist and author of the monograph on the *Greenshank*, has said that the Nature Reserve does not cover enough ground. He says that areas of great botanical and biological interest have been omitted. Loch Morlich and neighbourhood has been omitted from the scheme, which he thinks is a disgrace, considering that this is one of the most important bird haunts on Speyside—the only place where one can study the relationship of the greenshank and the redshank.

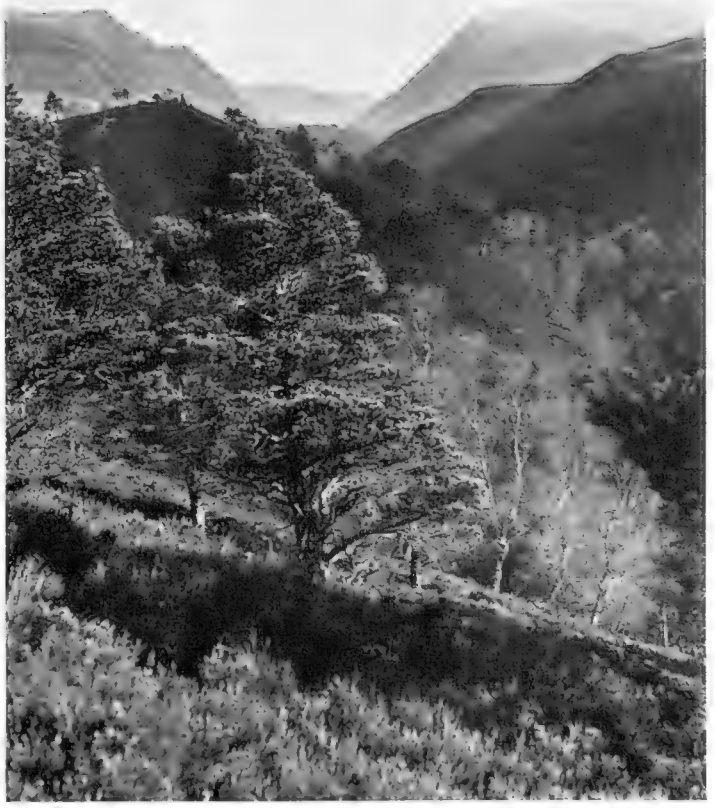
Captain Thompson is agreed, however, that ". . . . any proposal for the purpose of stopping people from going into their own hills, and making them trespassers, is iniquitous."

Lord Lovat, Chairman of the Inverness Committee, said recently that the Cairngorms are the national park of all national parks. It has everything—the highest mountain plateau in Britain and the largest fragment of the old Caledonian Forest in Scotland.

In a recent statement the Nature Conservancy, which will control the new area, stressed that restrictions on access will be very limited in time and space, it being recognised that the Cairngorms are popular among mountaineers and have been one of the main centres of Scottish ski-ing. The Conservancy hopes that climbers and skiers will be able to enjoy the Cairngorms as much as formerly, or more. Botanists, also, are to have almost complete freedom to go over the ground, as at present, but collecting of specimens will be closely restricted.

Grouse-shooting and deer-stalking may continue, subject to agreement with the Conservancy. Little, if any, of the land is to be bought, and so far as possible the owners will keep their sporting rights.

THE DEER COME DOWN TO THE LOW PASTURES : Stags beneath the shadow of the Cairngorms. Deer-stalking will continue in the Cairngorms even when it becomes a Nature Reserve or National Park. So far as possible the owners will be allowed to keep their sporting rights.



THE CAIRNGORMS ARE CROSSED BY THE HIGHEST HILL PASS IN SCOTLAND : This is the roadless Lairig Ghru, which reaches a height of 2,700 ft. and is a favourite walker's route from Speyside to Deeside.

The Sphere of Travel

BAVARIA'S ART TOWNS

Despite Heavy War Losses, This German Province Still Offers the Tourist Sights and Scenes of Outstanding Interest

OF all the provinces of Germany, Bavaria suffered the least war damage, although several of its cities, notably Nuremburg, Würzburg and Munich, were severely blitzed and had many of their lovely buildings completely destroyed. Yet, the art-loving traveller must indeed be thankful for the many places which escaped serious harm. Thus to-day such glorious towns as Bamberg, Regensburg, Passau, Landshut, Rothenburg and Dinkelsbühl are practically intact; whilst patrician Augsburg fortunately still retains in perfect condition the majority of its historic buildings.

Of these precious inheritances of our European civilisation, Bamberg is perhaps the most outstanding. But, strangely enough, it is almost unknown to foreign visitors. Spread over seven hills, its oldest portion is called the "Bishop's Town," and this lies on the lofty west bank of a branch of the River Regnitz. On its summit, dominating the city, stands the cathedral, one of the noblest monuments of medieval Germany. Within its 900-year-old walls are to be seen many wonderful art treasures, the most remarkable being the life-size equestrian figure of the Bamberg Rider, executed in 1240.

This idealistic and aristocratic figure is enigmatical, for its precise significance has been much in dispute. I know, however, that its haunting, sphinx-like appeal offers a curious and insidious lure, and I found myself during a recent visit drawn to it time and again like a lodestone, gazing and pondering on its insoluble secret.

Close to the "Rider" are two other remarkable statues, one being that of the Virgin, the so-called "Laughing Angel," the other representing St. Elizabeth. Then, in the nave, there is the lovely tomb of the Emperor Henry II and his wife, Kunigunde, the work of Tilman Riemenschneider. It is of interest to note that Henry II was the only German king to be canonised, while his Empress, too, was canonised.

In the adjoining spacious Domplatz are the Old and the New bishop's palaces, both attractive buildings and contributing to an architectural ensemble which is especially picturesque. But there is much else in Bamberg which is picturesque, including its old fishermen's cottages on the river-front, its Old Rathaus uniquely situated in the middle of a bridge (due to the fact that it was intended to serve both the burghers' town and the bishop's town, the boundary between which was the river), and two richly baroque mansions, the Botteringhaus and the Concordia. The former was so designed that each of its four floors has its own external garden.

In some of the town's inns there is also sold a local "smoked" beer, which is quite pleasant to drink, and it has no markedly smoky flavour.

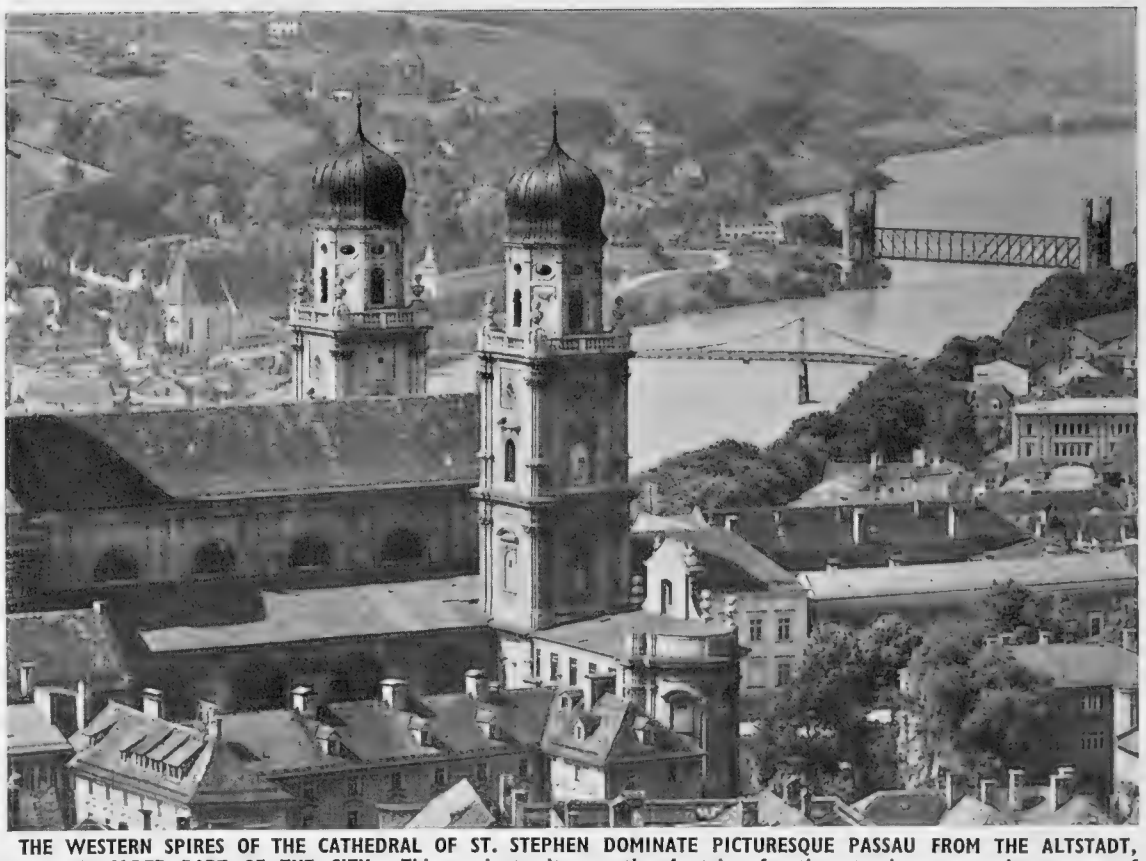
The Danube rolls through Bavaria from Ulm to Passau, a distance of almost 600 miles, little of it, however, being navigable. Almost in the middle of this quite considerable stretch is Regensburg, the only intermediate city of interest and importance. It is a grand place. It was the old Celtic settlement of Ratisbona before it became the Roman fortress, Castra Regina, which was the foundation of the existing town. Yet the only Roman remains are the Porta Prætoria—a gateway arch and its tower.

In the Middle Ages Regensburg was perhaps the most important trading centre in Central Europe, and this factor contributed to the many glorious buildings which are still to be found there. They include the magnificent cathedral, one of the most important Gothic churches in Germany, whose boys' choir, known as the "Regensburger Domspatzen" (i.e., sparrows), is renowned for its singing.

Two other outstanding churches are the Dominikankirche, an early-Gothic vaulted basilica of beautiful proportions dating from the thirteenth century, and the former Benedictine Abbey of St. Emmeram, whose Romanesque pillared basilica of the eighth–twelfth century is chiefly notable for its monuments and its priceless art treasures.

Of the secular buildings in Regensburg, the Rathaus (fourteenth century) is not only most picturesque but is also of considerable historic interest, for in its *Reichssaal* the "Perpetual Diet" held its sessions. Down below is a well-preserved medieval torture chamber, with many gruesome instruments of torture, including all kinds of racks, the Spanish donkey and the piked hare, the latter two devices being quite new to me.

Spanning the Danube is the old stone bridge, still in daily use, which is over 800 years old. It consists of sixteen arches, is 1,000 ft. in length, and in the Middle Ages was regarded as a technical marvel. Close to its northern end is the Historische Wurst-küche, a quaint little inn famous for its sausages and its beer. Altogether, Regensburg is a spot in which to enjoy oneself quite considerably, especially if you choose to go there (as I did) at carnival-time.



THE WESTERN SPIRES OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. STEPHEN DOMINATE PICTURESQUE PASSAU FROM THE ALTSTADT, OR OLDER PART OF THE CITY: This ancient city on the Austrian frontier stands on a rocky tongue of land at the confluence of the Inn with the Danube. The many crooked streets and steep alleys of Passau help to give the place its unique character. Passau is the starting-point of the Danube passenger traffic.

From the city some interesting near-by excursions can be made, including those to the monumental Walhalla, a "Temple of Fame" resembling the Parthenon at Athens, and to the Befreiungshalle, a large rotunda in classicist style, erected to commemorate the "Wars of Liberation" against Napoleon. Both these buildings are curious rather than beautiful monuments. More appealing, indeed, is the church of the Benedictine monastery of Weltenberg, not far from the Befreiungshalle. Built early in the eighteenth century, it is a masterpiece of south German baroque, and its richly-decorated interior is an artistic joy.

Navigation on the Danube begins at Passau, once more a busy port, with its steamers, barges and rafts setting out on their journey across the near-by frontier to Linz, in Austria. The old town, situated on the confluence of the Inn, Ilz and Danube, is strikingly picturesque. It is dominated by the cathedral, around which cluster a maze of crooked streets and steep alleys, while the houses, many of them joined together with arches, and with flat roofs hidden by parapets, give the place an Italianate appearance. In fact, it is easy to imagine when one strolls along the river-side promenade that one is "somewhere" in Italy.

The cathedral, too, looks Italian, and it was, in fact, rebuilt after a fire from the plans of an Italian architect. Its chief interest is its organ, one of the biggest in the world. It has 17,000 pipes and 208 stops, and concerts are held regularly. Around this basilica are some attractive old houses and little squares, full of charming details. In fact, Passau is essentially a place for the visitor who has the desire to "poke around," which many of us believe to be the best thing one does while travelling in a foreign land.

Landshut, which lies about half-way between Munich and Regensburg, is also a delightful town in which to dawdle. Its two wide thoroughfares, known as the "Altstadt" and the "Neustadt," have many stately gabled houses of the fourteenth-fifteenth century, while the famous St. Martin's Church has a most graceful tower, 435 ft. in height, making it the highest in Bavaria. Should you be told there is nothing much to see in Landshut, disregard this bad advice and go there to judge for yourself. I am quite sure you will be entranced.

The civilised world owes an immense debt of gratitude to Mr. McCloy, one-time U.S. High Commissioner in Germany, for his prompt and decisive action in countermanding a second large-scale air attack on the lovely walled town of Rothenburg. Otherwise this German "Carcassonne" would to-day be just a memory. As it is, it remains unspoilt, for the damage done during the first raid which gutted the Renaissance town hall has been repaired. I found it as enchanting as ever, and there are few pleasanter hotels at which to stay in Germany than the Eisenhut.

There is not much to choose between Rothenburg and its smaller neighbour, Dinkelsbühl, in scenic attraction. Perhaps the latter's market square and Rothenburgerstrasse are even finer, at least in my opinion, than any one outlook its more celebrated companion town offers. I cannot, indeed, imagine a medieval scene more utterly perfect than the square and the street I have named. The tall, gabled houses rise directly from the cobbled street, and not in very regular lines, but more or less haphazard, some jutting out beyond the others. Granted that I saw it under perfect conditions, for it was covered with snow, and after dark I seemed to have the streets to myself, which gave me the feeling I was wandering through some fairy town; but I sometimes wonder if I want to see it again for fear that a return visit might blur one of the vividest travel impressions I have ever received.

THE STILL MEDIEVAL TOWN OF DINKELSBÜHL: With its gabled houses and walls, towers and moats of the fifteenth century, this is one of the show-places of old Bavaria, in some respects surpassing Rothenburg. This picture was taken from the Three Moors Inn, the sign of which hangs in the foreground.

My final mention is of Augsburg, the city for ever linked with the Fugger family. The churches there are more beautiful—if possible—than those of any other town in Bavaria. Just to study the cathedral and the double church of St. Ulrich makes a visit highly rewarding. Unfortunately, the one serious artistic loss from war damage is the famous Golden Hall, which more than any other great chamber in the world was suggestive of the word "pomp." But the unique Rathaus still stands, and, perhaps most delightful of all, there is the frequent melodious sound of falling waters, for it is not without reason that Augsburg is called the "City of Fountains"—and such lovely fountains they are, too.

Gordon Cooper.

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AN AFTERNOON NAP FOR NEVILLE AND DAISY: Two hippopotami enjoy the September sunshine at the London Zoo. Daisy, on right, is expecting a baby shortly. The animals came to the Zoo in 1947.

HIPPOS AND POTTOS AT THE ZOO

Also Sparrows in Hyde Park, and a Whale Near Aberdeen

WEST AFRICAN POTTOS FIND A HOME AT THE ZOO: Fitting snugly into a basket are two Bosman's pottos, small, greyish-chestnut lemurs, with downy furs, which are part of the monkey family. The potto on the left is a recent arrival at the London Zoo from Nigeria.

A PILOT WHALE NEAR ABERDEEN: Four miles north of Aberdeen a pilot whale was found by early-morning fishermen washed up on the shore. It is 16 ft. long and weighs over a ton; its jaw-bone is being sent to the Natural History Museum in Edinburgh for preservation.

SPARROWS' CORNER IN HYDE PARK: Mr. Bertram Cave feeding a patient queue of London sparrows on the Park railings. Mr. Cave has tamed the birds during his daily visits to Hyde Park; they perch confidingly on his hands and even take titbits from his mouth.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE LIFE AND NATURE OF "GYPSY BORROW"

Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald's New Theory of George Borrow; More Stories by "Elephant Bill," and New Novels

A NEW theory can be as refreshing as a new view or a new journey, and Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald has a fine new theory about George Borrow, which he admits may have plenty of holes and gaps, but which is nevertheless a good, lusty theory on its own. Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald, who has not only read every published word of Borrow's but every word published *about* him, between covers, has come, as he says, to be deeply interested in the man "through a deep and abiding interest in gypsies and not (as would be the case with a true Borrovian) the other way round."

Starting from the premise that you cannot understand Borrow if you do not know something about gypsies, and if you have not lived rough, he proceeds to his theory that this amazing writer and extraordinary figure was himself a full-blooded gypsy, and in support of this he brings as evidence many, many passages from the books. The "wind on the heath" passage from *Lavengro* is probably familiar to us all, and it is quoted here with considerable aptness, but it is from other qualities revealed in his writing that Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald draws his conclusions: from the fact of Borrow's fantastic memory, by which he could recall names, colours, detailed incidents even from his childhood, and which is common to many gypsies; from the fact, again, that he could embellish but could never invent, so that even his tallest tales had a basis of truth, and because, above all, his temperament was that of a Romany.

GYPSY BORROW (Dobson. 15s.) is none of your brisk autobiographical studies following an expected chronological course, and, indeed, there are others who have supplied that, but it is the liveliest reconstruction I have come across yet of the life and nature of the man who wrote *Romany Rye*, and as such deserves not merely respectful attention but real enjoyment.

No one could have been less of a naturalist than Borrow. "You can read all his books and you will find scarcely a mention of a bird or a butterfly or a flower or a mammal. . . . He just was not interested." And yet this was one of the greatest advocates, in a far from Rousseau-like way, of the open-air life. The author of the next book has known a great deal about open-air life, too, but he has a close and abiding interest in animals, and in one species in particular. Colonel J. H. Williams is even better known as "Elephant Bill," and his new book of stories, BANDOOLA (Hart-Davis. 15s.), is as full of reminiscences of this magnificent beast as of the men with whom he worked in the jungles and teak forests of Burma.

As before, there is something attractively easy and modest in the style of these true adventure tales and, however dramatic, violent or tragic the happening he describes, the author appears always to keep a balance of admirable good sense and unembittered philosophy. The animal of the title and his rider, Po Toke, seem to ramble through most of the pages of this book, generally no further away than a very evident background.

"Bandoola and I did not meet until we were twenty-three," writes Colonel Williams, "and Po Toke, who introduced us, made the most of the fact that we were the same age and both embarking on our adult life in the jungle." That sentence alone, I think, sets the keynote of this enormously informative and entertaining book. The illustrations, by Mr. Henry C. Pitz, are excellently in keeping with the book's atmosphere and a real addition. I should add that there is absolutely no doubt at all of Colonel Williams' trust and affection for these rather cumbersome pachyderms. When his young wife woke up one night in the jungle to the sound of extraordinary and reverberating noises: "Don't you worry," her husband counselled her, in probably the least heartening words on record, "it 's only a herd of wild elephants."

WITHOUT VEILS (Peter Davies. 15s.) is a biography of Miss Gladys Cooper, and it is of the type described as intimate rather than classic. An "intimate" biography can, of course, mean anything from impertinence to a real understanding, and from pages of unparagraphed analysis to the cheerfully scrappy. Mr. Sewell Stokes has made rather a good job of bobbing about in the middle of all these extremes, and his book, although discursive and deliberately written on a colloquial note, has considerable charm, as its subject demands.

In his introduction Mr. Somerset Maugham writes: "It is interesting to consider how Gladys Cooper has succeeded in turning herself from an indifferent actress into an extremely accomplished one. I have a notion that her beauty has been at once her greatest asset and her greatest handicap." That "startling beauty" of which he writes was her first passport to the stage,

OFF TO CANADA TO RAISE FUNDS FOR COVENTRY'S NEW CATHEDRAL: Mr. Basil Spence, architect of the new Cathedral, the Provost of Coventry, the Very Rev. R. T. Howard, and the Rev. Clifton Ross (Chaplain to the Diocesan Bishop) seen at London Airport before leaving for Montreal. During their three-month tour of Canada they are speaking at meetings in an endeavour to raise £100,000 towards the building fund of the new cathedral. The cost of the cathedral is expected to be about £800,000.

but to prove herself an actress meant years of conscientious work, rehearsals and training that do not fit into the picture of the reigning beauty. These years, and her quickness to learn from the direction of such masters as Hawtrey and du Maurier, brought her to the height of her career. What makes her case so very remarkable is that on the heights Miss Cooper has stayed.

In a biography of this kind the photographs are an integral part of the attraction, and although these are all good, there are not nearly enough of them.

The novels this week are as disparate in kind as they could well be and have only one common denominator—that they are all about people. (Some novels, after all, are about Things, or I would not have dared to make the point.) Mrs. Angela Thirkell is at it again, if anything so briskly mundane can describe so polished a performance as the composition of another of her involved and delightful county novels. JUTLAND COTTAGE (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is about a good many of the Barsetshire figures we remember, all woven intricately and closely into the pattern of Thirkellshire life to a degree where the author herself now claims bewilderment.

"We have at times been accused," writes Mrs. Thirkell with enviable blandness, "of putting so many people into our books that no one can remember who they are, in which stricture we entirely concur, as we often cannot remember who they are ourself (or selves)."

The time is within the last year or two, the scene is the same (and there would be trouble if it weren't), and the plots and sub-plots are concerned with an admiral living on retired pay with his self-sacrificing wife and daughters. Why this particular admiral should have such a hard time on Admiralty pay is not explained. However, it seems that his daughter is an object of practical charity, and the problem of getting her hair properly cut, and dressing her in gift tweeds greatly exercises the ladies of the neighbourhood.

I objected to the sentiment expressed in this situation, and I didn't overmuch care for the author's approach, fictional as it was, to the death of King George VI, but, in the main, the novel is what Mrs. Thirkell's scores of fans expect, funnily, politely malicious and thoroughly entertaining.

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER (Heinemann. 15s.) is an extremely intelligent and, at the same time, extremely feminine novel which examines the problems, emotional rather than economic, of women living on their own, and in this case in New York, after their several divorces. The author, Eleanor Lothrop, is far from taking the view that a divorce in America is necessarily caused entirely by the fault of one partner in the marriage and, although she chiefly and sympathetically shows the points of view of her three women characters, her men are much nearer to being nice fellows than big, bad wolves. If it weren't written with so light and sophisticated a touch, this would be rather depressing reading and something of a tract, reasonably enough, perhaps, against divorce. But then I find myself one of those who, taking first things first, can always understand why women get married but never why men do.

Mr. Henry Treece's new novel is a complete change in subject from *The Dark Island*, though its writing still shows the mastery and confidence of that imaginative picture of ancient Britain. For THE REBELS (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) he has chosen Victorian England and a town in the Black Country, where a family just achieving gentility live on the small fortune of their iron-working ancestors and watch their security split up in quarrels, sudden deaths, brutal fighting, ambition and slyness. The characters are drawn with strong, black-and-white strokes, very effectively, but not beyond a degree of competence that other clever novelists show. Mr. Treece's real hall-mark is his splendid ability to tell a story and to make it compelling, even when it is about people and places we would rather never hear mentioned again.

UNDER THE INFLUENCE (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is a thoroughly good-tempered and amusing little story about an otherwise humdrum man who has a sporadic gift for reading people's minds, especially when they are sympathetic and he is inebriated. Or just a little bit. Mr. Geoffrey Kerr, whom I 'm delighted to greet as a novelist as a change from all his stage and screen work, is adept at keeping the fun going and makes a likeable person out of his hero, and a more-than-possibility out of his plot. Altogether, perfect reading for that late holiday.

Neither D. H. Lawrence nor Ernest Hemingway have succeeded in making bull-fighting a wholly acceptable subject outside the Latin lands, and it may be that Sidney Franklin's autobiography BULL-FIGHTER FROM BROOKLYN (Hutchinson. 15s.) will repel rather than attract some readers who will choose to interpret it as a mere chronicle of slaughter. This American, who between the wars set first Mexico and then Spain alight by virtue of his artistry in the bull ring, writes of his adventurous life with tremendous gusto and the intricacies of the dangerous profession he adopted so fortuitously he describes expertly and well, though never modestly. Perhaps, indeed, modesty would be out of place amid all this showmanship. We are able to share in full measure with Franklin those astonishing triumphs in the ring, when he made his debut in sacrosanct Seville and exclusive Madrid, revealing that cold, serene and intelligent valour that won the plaudits of the crowd and called forth the praise of Hemingway in person. In fact, the author of *Farewell to Arms* and *Death in the Afternoon* became such an admirer of the Brooklyn bull-fighter that he followed him round Spain, and this despite the fact that Franklin initially looked upon him "as a down-and-out expatriate looking for a hand-out." After his triumphs in Spain, Franklin returned to New York, there to receive an official Manhattan reception with all the usual ticker-tape trimmings, and on Christmas Day 1930 he was back in Mexico City where, he relates with relish, "my friends kidded me over my terrific Castilian accent and the loss of my Mexican twang." The boy from Brooklyn had certainly travelled far, far enough, indeed, to resist the temptation of calling his book "The Brooklyn Dodger."

Who better than John Summerson, one of our foremost experts upon the history of architecture, to write the life

THE BROOKLYN DODGER

The American Boy Who Made Good as a Matador

of SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN (Collins, Brief Lives. 8s. 6d.). Wren became an architect only by chance, for his first love was astronomy. Mr. Summerson shows his swift development from boy prodigy into man of genius.

When Cecil Rhodes pointed northward from the Cape, accompanying the gesture with those dramatic words, "there is your hinterland," it was his own personal experiences in Central Africa that led him to believe that he had found one of the great lands of the future. In this centenary year of his birth Rhodes' dream comes ever nearer fulfilment, with the three territories of Nyasaland and Northern and Southern Rhodesia joined into a mighty Central African Federation, of which Sir Godfrey Huggins, for twenty years leader of Southern Rhodesia, has just become Prime Minister and Lord Llewellin, Governor-General. In a most timely volume on the subject, H. Maclear Bate has written REPORT FROM THE RHODESIAS (Andrew Melrose. 16s.), in which he emphasises some of the vast problems of creating this new nation in the heart of Africa. One of these problems he says will be the need to find an outlet to the Atlantic, for he indicates that the already existing Benguela Railway does not quite fill the bill. In searching for this outlet it seems that the author has not really given due emphasis to air power, which, after all, may be the true key to Central African economic development. Mr. Bate has written a most worth-while volume, however, and a great deal of first-hand knowledge has gone into its compilation.

Another book which makes its appearance at an appropriate moment is Lord Simon of Wythenshawe's THE B.B.C. FROM WITHIN (Victor Gollancz. 16s.). The moment is appropriate not only because the alarming news has been made known that the Corporation has a deficit of £759,000 in 1952-53, and that worse things may befall in the next financial period, but also because the question of commercial television looms menacingly on the horizon. Lord Simon deals in Part III of his book with the way in which commercial broadcasting operates in the United States, the Dominions and at Radio Luxembourg, and he, indeed, gives a devastating analysis of the evils of the sponsored broadcast. Lord Simon, who was Chairman of the Board of Governors of the B.B.C. from 1947 to 1952, is a stout defender of the Corporation, and does not believe that its monopolistic character inevitably saddles it with faults.

The years 1900 to 1950 have witnessed a great outpouring of modern verse by a great number of versifiers, a period which includes lyric writers of the calibre of Thomas Hardy, A. E. Housman, and Walter de la Mare, in common with T. S. Eliot and Dylan Thomas. In THE FABER BOOK OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY VERSE (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.), John Heath Stubbs and David Wright have attempted to present an anthology of this half-century of varied verse, and they have boldly declared any glaring omissions are probably intentional.

Lord Tweedsmuir is the son of John Buchan, the novelist and administrator. Like his father, he is an effective writer and a man of action, as witness his earlier book, *Hudson's Bay Trader*. Lord Tweedsmuir's latest volume, ALWAYS A COUNTRYMAN (Robert Hale. 21s.), deals with his life of sport and adventure in many parts of the world.

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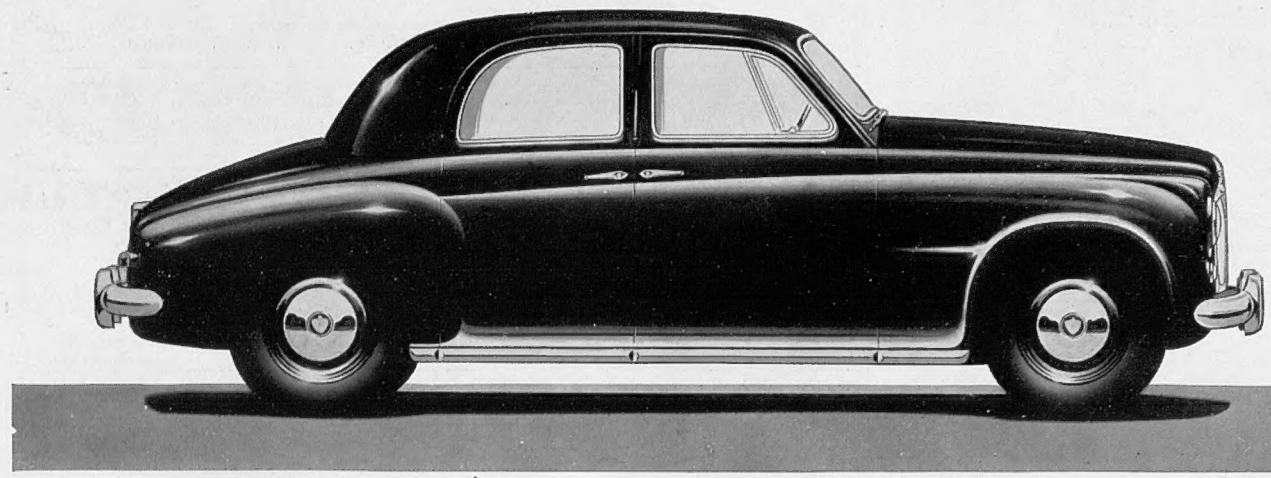

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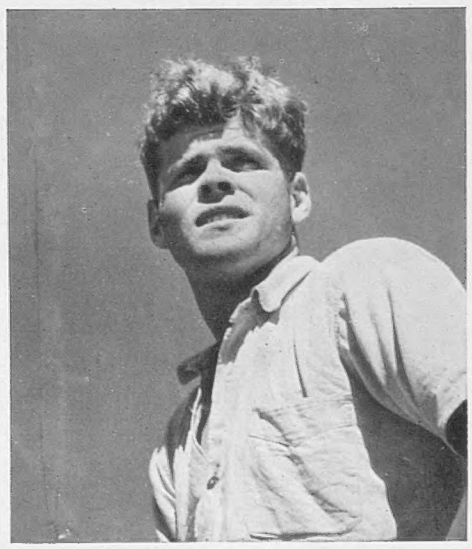

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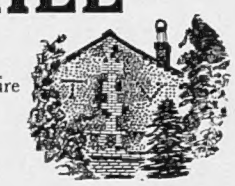

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